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QUEST

. . . SELECTED WRITINGS FROM SAN DIEGO CITY SCHOOLS
GRADES 7-12

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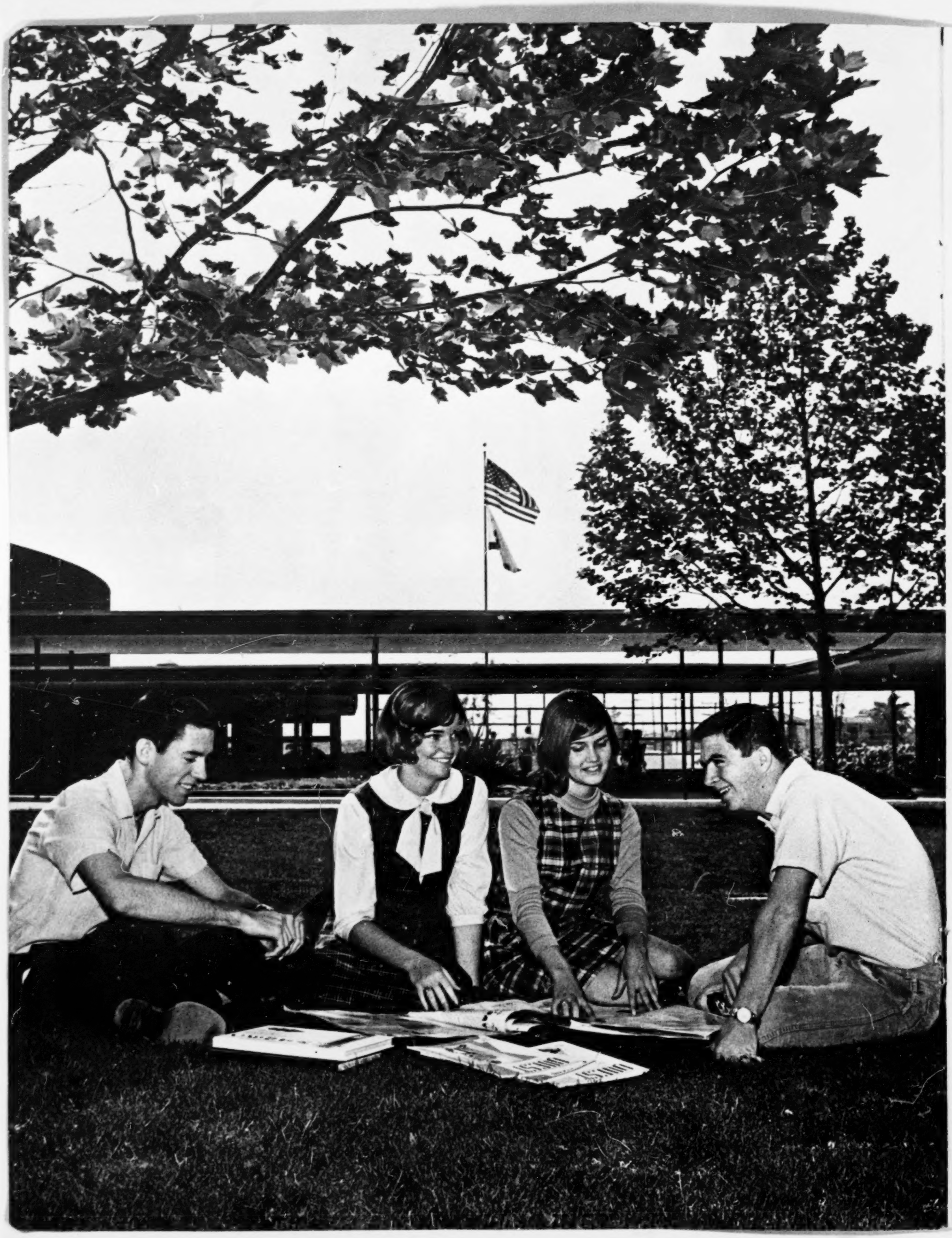

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QUEST

Selected Writings
San Diego City Schools

SPRING 1964

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SIGNIFICANCE

An empty cranium was floating through the star-spangled void of space. No, the cranium was not empty, and it was his — for he felt upon his brain the pain of the eternal vacuum's cold. The pain, a sickening pressure, commanded him not to look at the billions of pinpoints of light before him. He disobeyed. It was terrible; he realized how alone he was. From those pinpoints he called the stars, there streamed rays of light which exploded to bring light to darkness…

(Light) The man awoke, coughing and groaning, the bed sheets rippling over his form. The nurse had not yet arrived to give him his injection, so he was angry, and he cursed everything existing. He cursed the frailty of his heart, which was not capable of supporting his pounds of tissue. He cursed imperfection — imperfection in that heart which would allow him only one or two or three more days of life for reading and dreaming.

The dream! It must have resulted from his reading of the chapter, the Creation of the Universe. He loved to dream. Dreams allowed him to travel as he would never have been able to do otherwise in those few remaining days the doctor had given him.

His son, Ring, would come again to sit beside him for an hour or so. He would tell Ring about the dream; there was something awesome, something significant about the dream. No, the significance was probably only a personal thing of no substance, and Ring would see nothing in it. The dream was *not* significant enough to chance the possibility of Ring's thinking him a senile, even demented, worn-out creature with superstitions and fantasies as he died. The dream was *not* significant enough to sacrifice his dignity.

———

The newborn mountains of cooled lava, jagged and shadowed, pointed up to another infant, the atmosphere. He was standing now, where, in reality, it would have been impossible to stand — in a stream of thick mud and red-hot lava. Gases, lifelike in their frantic antics, lifted their tentacles to the misty moon. The Earth was belching more gases, and the cooled rock sighed terribly as it saw itself split and return to molten movement. The monstrous crack deepened before him and the red of fire engulfed all matter…

(Light) *That* dream had naturally been caused by the second chapter he had read, the one on the Formation of the Earth. If fate was kind, he would be able to reach and read the last chapter, on the Coming of Mankind. He longed to speak with his son — to tell him about this new dream. But the dream was still not significant enough to risk a last impression of a father's degeneration to his son.

———

Old Sol threw its rays against the sheets of rain, making each drop seem a star. Similarly, the turbulent green sea slapped the black cliffs and sent a salt spray into the sky, to return in a waterfall.

In those nervous waters something crawled on the gray bottom slime, something gasped and paddled just below the surface, and something managed to rise in the air on leathery wings to glide and meet the spray with small eyes and feeble intelligence… (dimness)

The slender blue-green reeds were parted and a visage of tangled hair and tanned brow appeared, pulling itself from the algae-covered creek. The heavily-scaled perch on the man's spear still wriggled in agony, gasping, popeyed. The hair on the man glistened, but was shaken dry as he lifted his gaze and recessive forehead to the *dreamer*—no, past the dreamer, to a lake dwelling not far away, where silver ochre-furred animals were being skinned, and their skins put in the sun to dry. A fierce sun….

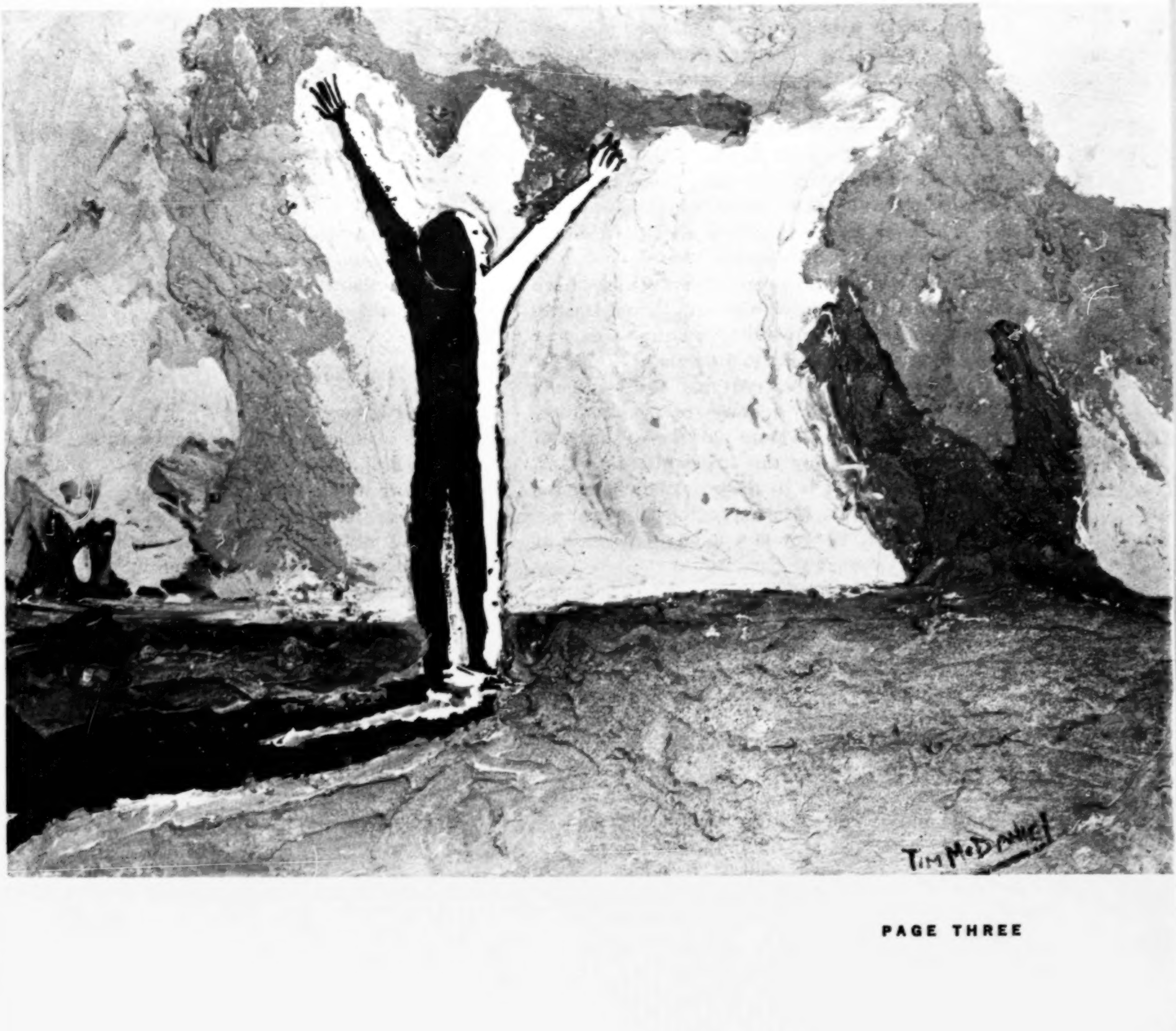
(Light) He had read those two chapters — one on the Beginning of Life, the other on the Coming of Mankind — in only one day; and the doctor had said that he still had approximately a day left to live before the collapse of the vascular vessel to his heart. Without something to read and think about, what was there to dream about this last night? Maybe if he talked to his son about his dream he would be able to rest in peace and dream of golden things. No, he still was too uncertain about the effect it would have on Ring. The dream was not significant enough.

> He was on a liner, and a fog—or perhaps just a milky darkness—surrounded the ship, the sea, and the city and harbor he was approaching. The darkness was ominous. All was silent. Then a scream, not human, but "man-made," whipped across the sky, accompanied by a streak of light. He was thrown agonizingly against the deck, as the gargantuan column rose over the city and harbor. The column turned into a stem, which budded and bloomed orange, with leaves of puffy gray. The orange glow was splitting the darkness, its light more ominous than the darkness. He wanted to scream, his neck bent at an almost impossible angle as he stared at the mushroom which continued to bloom, cover the land, city, sea, and ship, and bloom…

(Darkness) The man did not tell his son of this dream either, for this dream was *too* significant.

BRUCE McALLISTER
Written at Point Loma High School

TIM McDANIEL, Dana Junior High School (tempera)



Honorable Southpaw

MISTLETOE, POLE BEANS and honeysuckle twine to the right. Most cats, rats, rhesus monkeys and chimpanzees are southpaws. Three hundred million people favor the sinister left. Unfortunates, they are doomed to do everything the wrong way and to endure forever the right-hander's disdainful smile.

Twice as many boys as girls have the questionable privilege of living a frustrated existence in a world of right-handed doorknobs, telephones, scissors, monkey wrenches and corkscrews. Right-handers make paper cutters, slot machines and "ringers" on bicycle bells for right-handed people without realizing that one person out of every ten is a southpaw. There are special baseball gloves and golf clubs, but no one has invented a violin strung upside-down. Leftie must play his violin right-side-up; or not at all, which is usually preferable. The left-handed pianist wastes much of his talent. While his right hand must struggle to play the melody, his immense natural resource is unused.

Although modern, progressive colleges have failed to provide chairs with an arm for note-taking on the left side, a sympathetic printing company sells checks with the stubs to the right of the check. The company has observed that the southpaw writes with his paper sideways or upside down, invariably pushing his hand into the wet ink and unknowingly smearing this ink across the paper. Since Leftie's hand is in the way, he cannot see what he has written. If he curves his hand over the top of the line, he develops an extreme case of Southpaw's Cramp.

Despite the fact that this dejected minority can claim a unique kinship with Babe Ruth, Micky Mantle, President Garfield, Alexander the Great and Danny Kaye, hostesses always seat the southpaw at the left end of the table. Diners politely ignore his reversing the knife and fork, using the butter knife upside down, and pouring the gravy from the wrong side of the pitcher.

So, watch out for the interests of this mistreated group and be kind to your left-handed friends.

JEFFNER ALLEN
Written at Point Loma High School

SPACE

Space, endless space,
Black as the night,
Cold as the Arctic.

Space, lost infinity,
Still tranquility
To man's mass so much,
To man's mind so little.

SUSAN SHAMPINE
Written at Lincoln High School

Interim #2

". . . you understand what the figure must be.
Seeking God — and finding itself."
—AYN RAND,
The Fountainhead

Cold rain on dead earth
breathes into brown flaccid mud
time's unborn triumph,
the sought end to abstraction.

Rain, rain, go away
come back some other day.

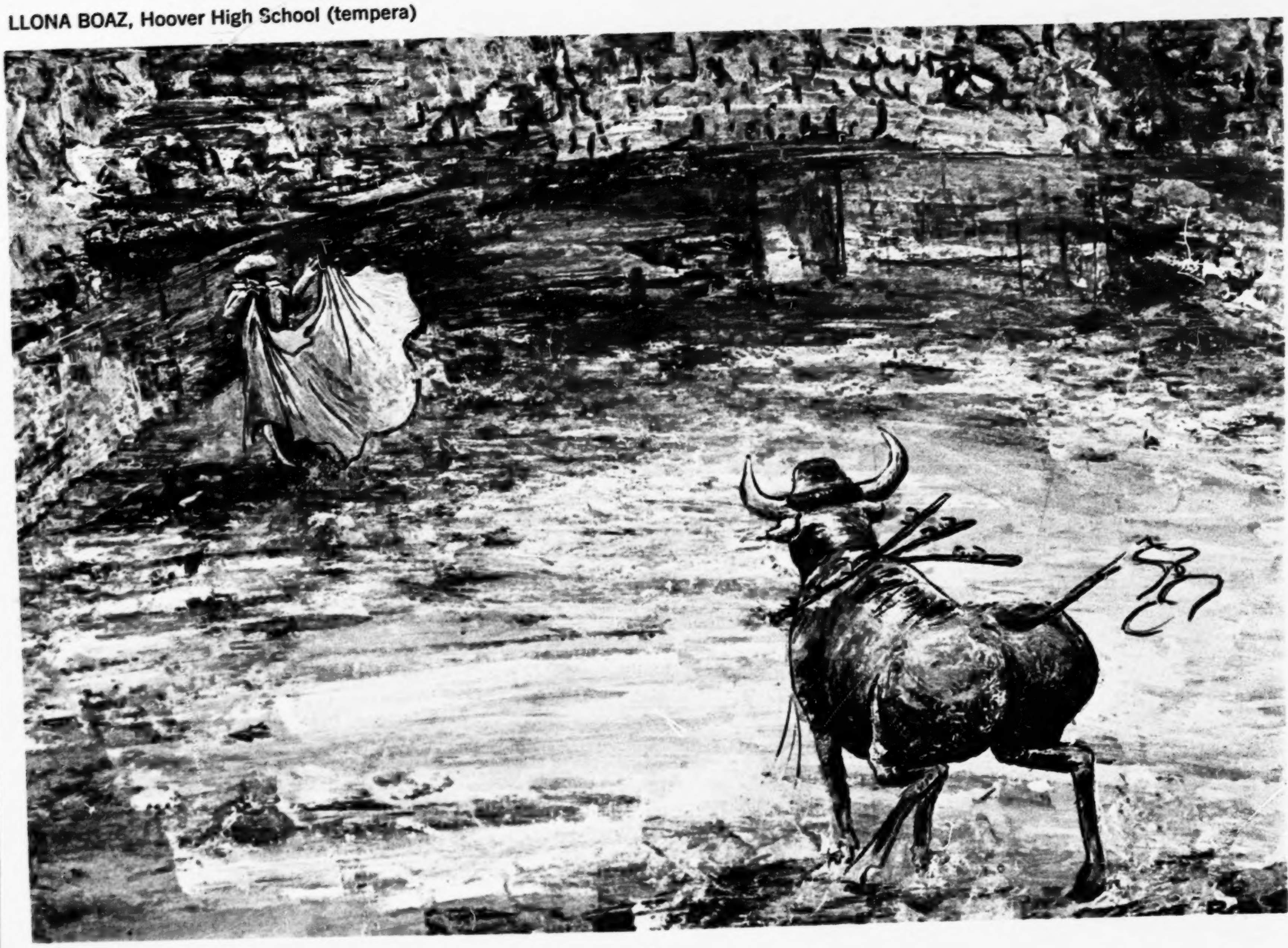
And if I knew how,
and if I could separate this from that,
and if I could defy my empty tomb
standing silent in the rain
embraced in mud-caked concrete,
I would say: "There is a relationship
between time and existence, never
perpetuated by an act,
but always attempted."
And I would laugh.

The tall smooth statue would smile,
the clear drops tremble on his cheek,
time's undulation as water ripples:
and I would be uncertain, unfixed.

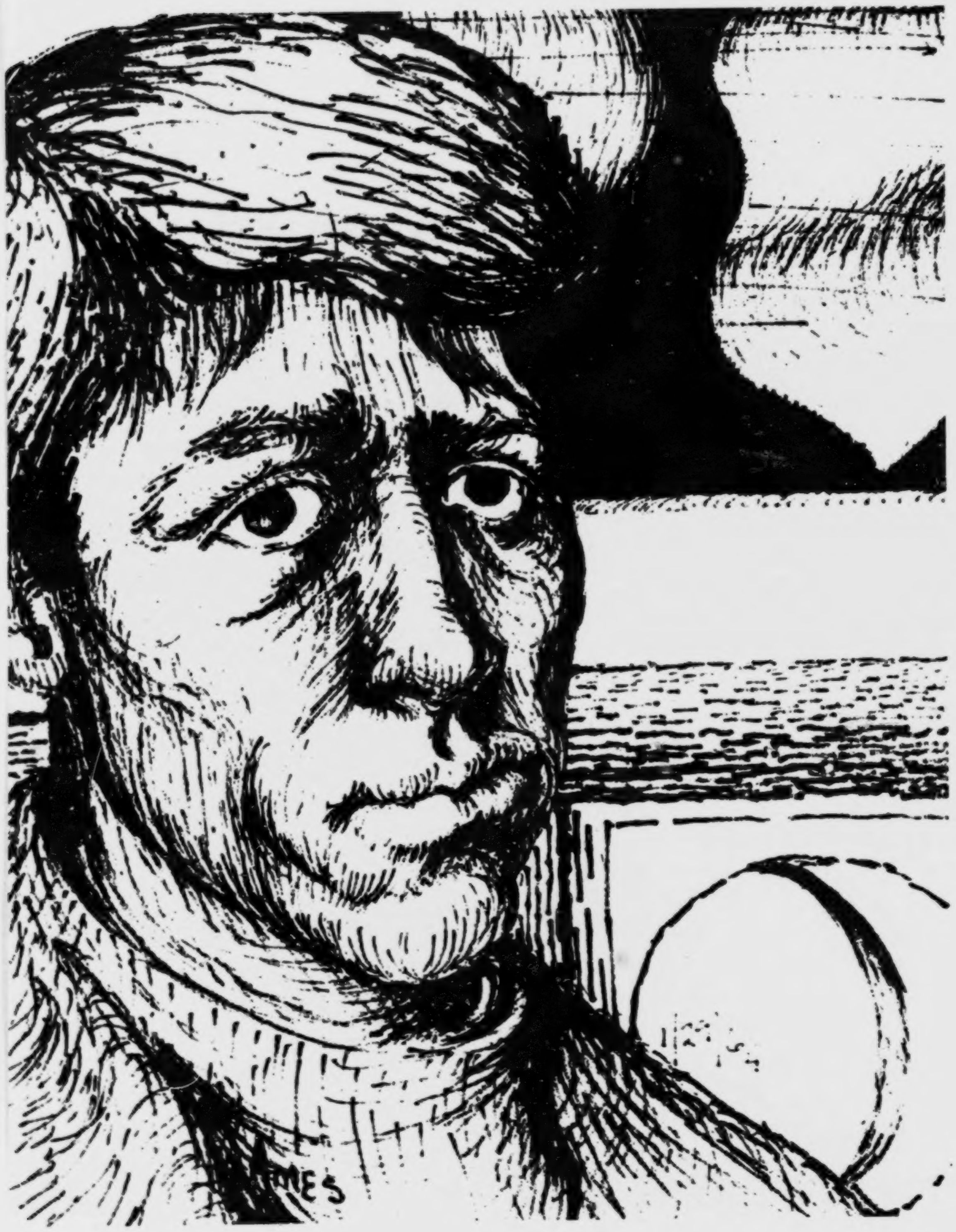
Rain, rain go away
come back some other day.

GARY SHORT
Written at San Diego High School

LLONA BOAZ, Hoover High School (tempera)



SAM AMES, Clairemont High School (ink)



NOT IN GREAT LONG STRIDES

You have gone away
Not in great long strides
But tiny shuffling motions
That loosen the ties
Of all I hold dear,
Leaving a shell
Eaten out by the sea,
A funnel for wind.

ELISSA CILLEY
Written at
Kearny High School

WHAT'S A BIG MAN?

What's a big man?
One that's short and fat?
Or one straight and tall?
Without humility,
Is he a man at all?
Are big men soldiers
(Though old ones never die),
Or presidents or firemen;
Or can *others* reach the sky?

MARCIA HILMEN
Written at Collier
Junior High School

WAS IT A DREAM?

THE SIDEWALKS and streets seemed empty of all save me, but I could visualize the whole neighborhood sitting down to dinner.

"My goodness, but I'm late," I remarked. But instead of my words coming out in the muttered tone that I generally use in talking to myself, they were sharp and crisp. It was as if I were standing in a small closet instead of walking along the Upas Street sidewalk which borders the park. Over in the southwest corner of the sky I saw a break in the clouds and turned around to watch the sun go down.

As I lowered my books to the lawn, I heard a strange noise behind me. There stood a little girl of seven or eight. She was the calmest and most serene-looking child that I had ever seen. Her eyes were large and brown; and she looked at me with none of the coarse, sly stares which usually greet me as I walk home.

"I'll walk with you up the hill," she greeted me finally; and as I answered that I would, we turned to find six gray cats looking us up and down.

"I don't want my books. May I leave them here as we walk?" I queried.

"Yes," said she.

We plodded along, and now I was beginning to wonder what had happened to all the people. No cars or pedestrians had passed us all the while. We turned the corner and a light fog began to roll in. "Pretty soon they will turn on the street lights," said the girl in her soft, low voice.

There through the white mist I could see our bay window curving around to peek down over the top of the cliff into the ocean. This was funny, since our house is not located near the ocean but just east of Balboa Park.

I said to the girl, "Please wait here while I see whether or not my key fits."

Then she answered, "I will wait here as long as there is need. Do not worry."

The lock opened at my touch and I peered into a warm but empty house. Yes! Empty! Everything was gone — tables, chairs and the rugs from the floors.

"Isn't anyone here?" I called and began walking through the house. After what seemed a rather long time of floating through the different rooms and thinking with nostalgia of the people who before had occupied them, I began wondering where they had gone. Suddenly I was afraid as it dawned on me that they all had moved away, forgetting me because I came home from school late; because they had been too busy during the moving.

I called, "Come back! Come back!" and ran to the back yard. Over the horizon of the ocean I could see rising a beautiful new moon. Tears fell now and then as I thought about the departed family again. Would I stay here all night through, wondering where they had gone, while the transparent mist made the beach seem like a faraway fairy land? Ah! The girl! The ghost-girl who had made the trip home so pleasant. I ran to the place where I had left her sitting, but she was there no more. Only a gray cat sat where she had been.

From across the street I heard footsteps and saw distantly a young man walking along the street. I froze, not knowing what to do. For all of a sudden this neighborhood seemed strange, and I was not sure whether I should hide behind the house or go past the walker, keeping my face as nondescript as I could manage. Before I could make up my mind, the mist-obscured figure before me turned and began descending the cliff. From the other side of the rock, behind which he had disappeared, the sound of the footsteps had changed somewhat, changed to those of someone climbing downstairs. I decided to run after this person and stop him. Maybe he would explain to me where I was; I seemed to have gotten lost on my way home from school.

Behind the rock I did find some stairs. They were old, steep, and very narrow. In order to descend them I had to pass through an opening in the rock about as wide as the width of an armchair. I began to climb down the stairs, and I could see the man two landings under me. Suddenly I did not care because the handrail gave way and the stairs under me began to rattle. It was then I decided that I would have to turn and dive into the ocean's bay, or fall and break some bones.

I dived, and it brought me right into the most enjoyable bay I have ever been able to swim in. The night was just right and the water cold, but warm to me, and I just continued swimming and swimming. Finally I landed on a little ledge. I was feeling very proud and happy that I could swim after so long, and I sat there dripping and wondering how wide the ocean was.

This was a dream, but I believe that many times dreams are really fantastic and beautiful stories waiting to be written down.

MARIAN KELLY
Written at San Diego High School

COMPLETE ROUT

MARCH. MARCH. DRILL. DRILL. The men hate it and so do I. After all, we're artillery and most of us ride. But what can one do about it?

The sun is always up there beating down and making us sweat like a bunch of horses. This hot heavy battle dress doesn't help matters much either. The cursing usually stops after the first hour, though.

The column staggers instead of marches. Today many local colonists are sitting in the shade observing our drill. It is most irritating to see them sitting politely watching us march around in the hot sun with fifty pounds of battle gear weighing down our exhausted frames. But it is more strange than it is irritating. They *never* watch us. Something must be going on. But what? Possibilities race through my mind. I discard all of them. It is queer.

One. Two. Three. Four. One. Two. Three. Four. An older man drops out of the line and staggers away. "What do you think you are doing?" barks a lieutenant (who is on horseback). "Get back here!"

"Oh, please sir, let me go! This is too much for me," groans the old man.

"You heard me, man!" snarls the officer. The poor old fellow stumbles back into line.

The crowd around the outside of the common is growing. What is happening? The commanders at headquarters should know.

Many of the regulars look into the crowd trying to perceive what is going on. The officers try not to look concerned — although they are.

These observers must be checking on our activities to see what we are going to do. Something has happened which we don't know about.

Aha! The clatter of hoofs on cobblestone heralds the coming of a hurried rider. Perhaps a messenger! Now we shall see.

As a horse and rider appear across the drill ground, the column comes to a halt. The charger storms across the torn-up sod with his rider poised for all possible speed. A whirling frenzy of dust spreads wide across the steed's path.

"They seldom ride like this," mutters a man across from me. "Must be important," adds another.

As the horse is still breaking to a stop, the messenger slides off and comes nimbly trotting, with bloody spurs jingling, over to the officer at the head of the column.

He snaps rigidly to attention and says, "A message from Colonel Stone to be received by any officer present." The lieutenant takes it. He reads slowly to himself.

"My God!" he stammers. He crumples the paper and drops it. "Dismissed!" he mutters dazedly and walks off.

The column breaks up and starts to walk away as one man bends to the sod and picks up the wadded missive and reads it.

"Listen to this, men!" he says. "British force of 700 cut to pieces at Concord; do not send reinforcements, a complete rout."

A murmur envelops the men.

"But they're farmers!" I whisper incredulously.

And this is how we learned of the shot heard round the world.

JAN BRUECKNER
Written at Muirlands Junior High School

THE PROBLEMS OF OWNING A DINOSAUR

I'M ONE OF the few people who can honestly claim possession of a baby dinosaur. Actually Charlie's not a dinosaur; he's a two-foot long Great Basin chuckawalla, but most people can't tell the difference. I guess it really doesn't matter when he comes tearing down the sidewalk toward someone.

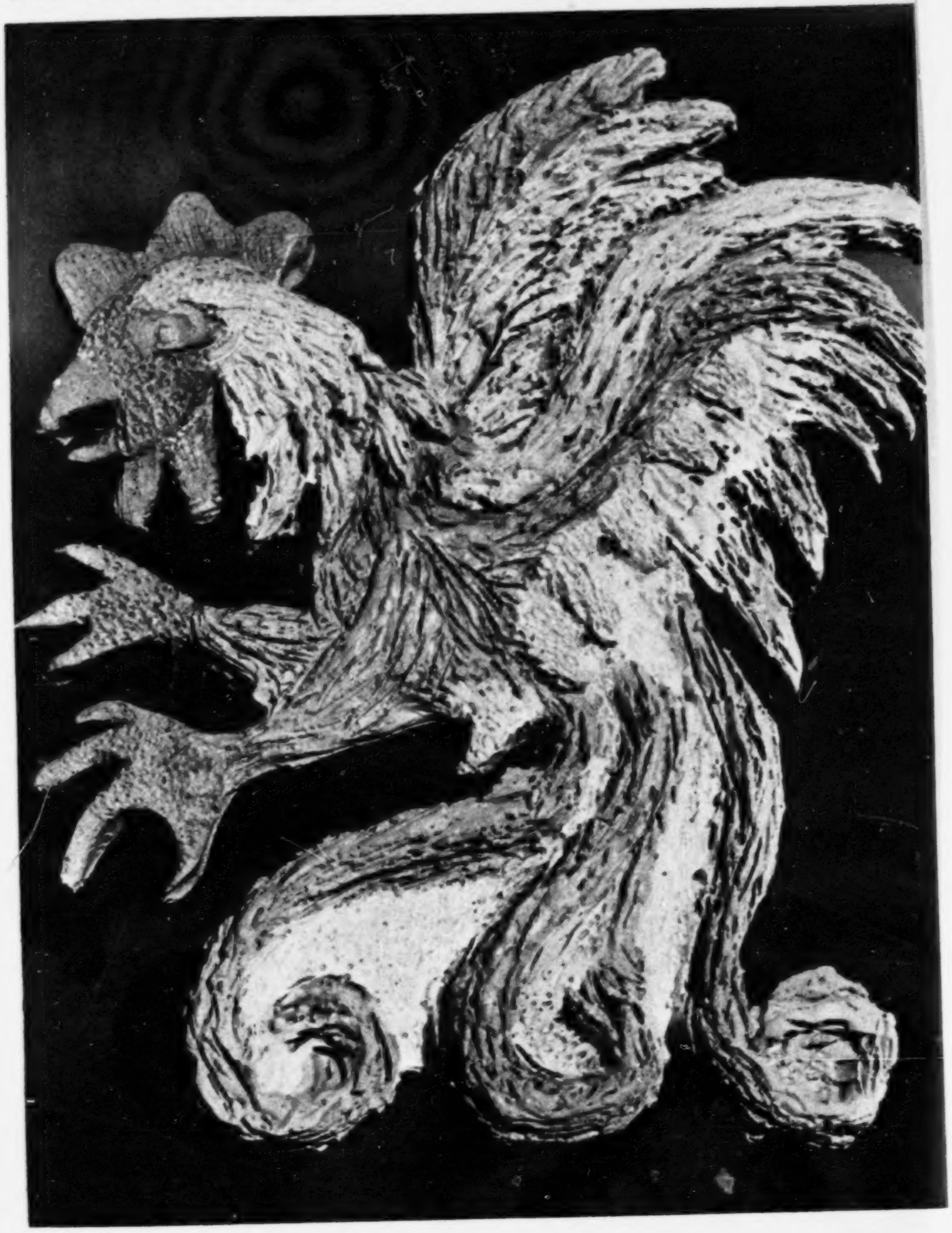
Charlie's really very affectionate and likes nothing better than showing it — to my dismay. The window sill he calls home borders the busiest thoroughfare in the house, and to walk past it is an open invitation for him to march over and demand to be picked up. If he's in an extremely amorous mood, the unwary passer-by may find all two pounds, four ounces of Charlie's bulk flying off the window sill toward him.

His problems are many and varied, food being the largest. He is a strict vegetarian and will eat only the most expensive grapes he can lay his grubby little hands on. He also likes to get his head stuck under the front door. This situation demands my immediate attention to prevent decapitation. Charlie likes to think he breaks up the monotony of my day.

What most people want to know is why I keep him. They point out that he isn't pretty (he's not even ornamental), and he certainly doesn't pay for his keep. Actually I don't keep him; he keeps me.

MARY HAM
Written at San Diego High School

STEVE HALAC, Horace Mann Junior High School (ceramic)



THE SEARCH

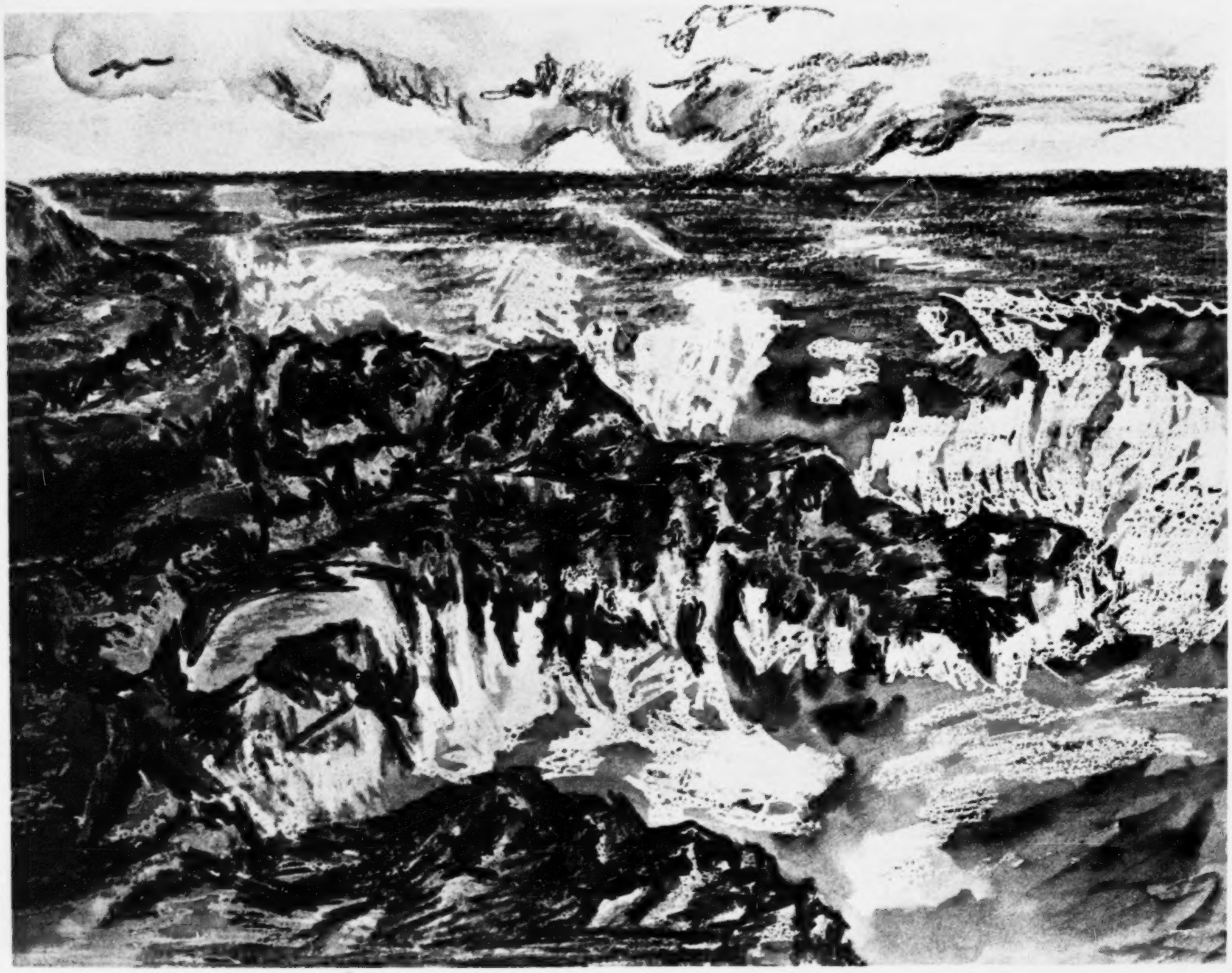
SLOWLY, DELIBERATELY, the five men edged forward on hands and knees. Beads of perspiration collected in small droplets, clung momentarily to their taut flesh, then trickled slowly down their exposed limbs. The pressure grew steadily more intense for they realized that one mistake, a moment's carelessness, would mean total destruction. These were no ordinary men. They had been hand-picked and specially trained and, although the task they had been given was not one they had been prepared to do, nevertheless they went about it with professional skill.

As they crept slowly onward, they kept their sharp eyes riveted on the area ahead of them for the slightest sign of the minute and all-important object they sought. Sweeping their long arms in a wide arc in front of them, they deftly combed every inch of their paths, making sure they by-passed nothing. The pressure continued to mount.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, one of the men yelled out triumphantly, "I found it, I found it!" Still cautious, he picked up the small, almost invisible object and handed it to the person next to him as the rest of the group gave a simultaneous sign of relief. Then the man put his newly-found contact lens back in his eye, the whistle blew, and the basketball game continued.

JIM TOOTHAKER
Written at Point Loma High School

DIANN TUTHILL, Point Loma High School (crayon-watercolor)



The "**Inferno**" by Dante Alighieri

Midway upon the journey of our life
I found that I was in a dusky wood;
For the right path, whence I had strayed, was lost.

WITH THESE FAMOUS LINES the "Inferno"— preface to *The Divine Comedy* — begins. Frightened, confused, and lost, Dante encounters the shade of Virgil, "that great fountainhead whence such a flood of eloquence has flowed." After Dante's invocation — "O Muses, O great genius, aid me now"— he with Virgil, his guide and master, enters Hell. Inscribed over the entrance gate, these doleful words greet them: "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here!" As they travel successively downward through the ten levels of the eternal dwelling place of "those souls who mourn the lack of intellect's true light," Dante weeps bitterly at the sight of such cruel torment and everlasting grief and woe. The pathetic horror of the punishments which he witnesses astonishes him.

The setting of the "Inferno" is Hell. But Dante's conception of the arrangement of the three primary divisions of vices (Incontinence, Violence, and Fraud) is extremely complicated. The anteroom, prior to Hell, is reserved for those souls who are neither for nor against God; and the first level, Limbo, for those who are either unbaptized or unfamiliar with the world of Christianity. Just below Limbo come the four levels of Incontinence, in order of increasing seriousness — sexual lust, gluttony, hoarding, and wrath. These sins, according to Dante, are caused by human weaknesses or by self-indulgence. Thus they are located in Upper Hell, which is separated from Lower Hell, Dis, by the River Styx. The sins of Lower Hell are injurious to oneself or to others. The first of the three levels of Violence is a river of boiling blood; the second, a forest of trees containing souls of suicides; and the third, a desert under a constant rain of flakes of fire. The two levels of Fraud, the lowest levels of Hell, punish hypocrites, thieves, traitors, and other souls of such character.

The theme of the entire "comedy" is a deadly serious one, the ultimate destiny of man. The "Inferno" is concerned with only one aspect of this destiny, the punishment of sin. Dante, with his definite purpose "to put into verse things difficult to think," combined his moral and sacred theme with poetic fiction.

The most outstanding and daring quality of this fictional poem is the fact that the author is the chief character, and the additional characters are either historical and dead, or persons actually living. Dante has done several other things which no other poet has ever dared to do. In his own day, this poem was unique since it was written in Italian, the language of the people, instead of the scholarly Latin, which was used by most writers. Another unique feature was the original verse pattern, the *terza rima*, used only by Dante.

Not only are the characters, verse, and theme unique, but Dante's style is also distinctly different. His descriptions are bold and vivid, and, like Homer, he uses detailed and prolonged similes. Other apparent techniques which he uses well are irony, understatements, allusions, and especially symbolism. Words, characters, and events are all symbolic, and each symbol has a multiplicity of meanings—historical, fictional, moral and spiritual.

The "Inferno" is not merely a story of man's afterlife; it is a human comedy, concerned with the morals of man. In Dante's own words, "the subject of it is man, according as, by his deserts and demerits in the use of his free will, he is justly open to rewards and punishments."

MARGARET HEUMANN
Written at Point Loma High School

ONKEL FRITZ

A SOFT GLOW cast by dying embers in the fireplace fell lightly upon his tired face and blended with the deep creases of time. He leaned his head back on the chair cushions. His hair gleamed with a silver sheen; his shoulders sagged with the weariness of eighty long years. He knew full well his life was nearing its end and that the strong stubborn old heart would soon cease to throb. But he felt no sadness. Gently he rocked back and forth. He chuckled softly. Life had been very good . . . very good. . . .

• • • • •

To his students in the seminar room of the German Department he was known as Herr Professor Bruns; on the night before finals he was just "Old Bruns." To his wife, Lydia, loyal and loving, he was Friedrich. To me, he was Onkel Fritz.

Even though I knew him for only a few short years, I loved and admired him and his old-country ways. His voice, heavy with German accent, was loud and booming; his blue, piercing eyes sparkled and twinkled with laughter. In his last years he was almost totally deaf, and if he thought he was missing out on a good joke, he would shout: "Vait! Vait!" and frantically rummage through his pockets for the cord to his hearing aid and plug it in. He had a serious heart condition and everyone worried about it except him. Onkel Fritz did what he wanted when he wanted. At eighty he was as spry and lively as a young man. He delighted in telling us about a prank he once played on his neighbor. The neighbor had a large apricot tree with one branch which hung tantalizingly over Onkel Fritz's backyard fence, but just out of reach. Onkel Fritz adored apricots, and temptation was strong. So, one moonless night, he fashioned a tin can on the end of a broomstick and stole out in the yard, climbed the fence, and captured a can of apricots. Onkel Fritz also adored fried prawns which were strictly forbidden to him. One evening at a Chinese restaurant he slyly waited until Lydia's back was turned, then sneaked one off my plate and gobbled it up with glee.

His conversation was peppered with quotations from Goethe, Shakespeare, and Robert Frost. I once confessed I did not really like the poetry of Frost. He smiled and said, "You vill someday. You vill. Ve cannot understand Robert Frost until ve have lived awhile."

For many years Onkel Fritz had taught a course on Goethe's *Faust* in one of our great universities. The course was famous. Everybody who could, signed up to take it; those who couldn't, came just to listen to the lectures and watch Herr Professor Bruns in action. He was an inspiration to several generations of students. When I knew him years later he was retired and living in another city a continent away from his old university. He lived simply and quietly. His next-door neighbors never really understood the lively little white-haired man with the booming voice. They were ordinary people and had probably never heard of *Faust*. It seemed a sort of tragedy somehow.

Onkel Fritz's dearest wish was to see his native Germany again. He finally went with Lydia one summer. We received several enthusiastic postcards. The last one told us he would be home soon and was looking forward eagerly to our visit over the Christmas holidays.

• • • • •

Onkel Fritz sat quietly in his chair. The fire burned very low now. He let his thoughts wander fondly back along the years. The last small red glow in the fireplace grew dim as he slept. We never saw Onkel Fritz that Christmas. In early December, soon after he returned from his beloved Germany, he died.

BETTY SAARNI
Written at Dana Junior High School

A PAPER BAG

AN EMPTY PAPER BAG blows swiftly down an abandoned street as a light wind sighs within it. A crackling sound is heard above the rustling of the wind as the bag begins to bounce wildly down the vacant windswept pavement. It rattles along the rough rocky concrete, across the dry uncut grass, over the fine, soft brown dust and catches momentarily on the long, bony finger of a grey skeletal bush. As the wind pulls the bag free, the old bush creaks as if longing to follow. The bag is on the hands of the wind once more, gliding now, blowing higher and in wide graceful swoops. On and on it skims as if to some ethereal destination, but now the bag no longer is alone on the street. Its blithe travel is obstructed by an almost animate object rapidly advancing with keen maneuverability. Upon contact, its lively spirit crushed, it is transformed into a dead, wrinkled wad of brown paper, patterned with a black rubber tread.

MARLENE SYLVIA
Written at Mission Bay High School

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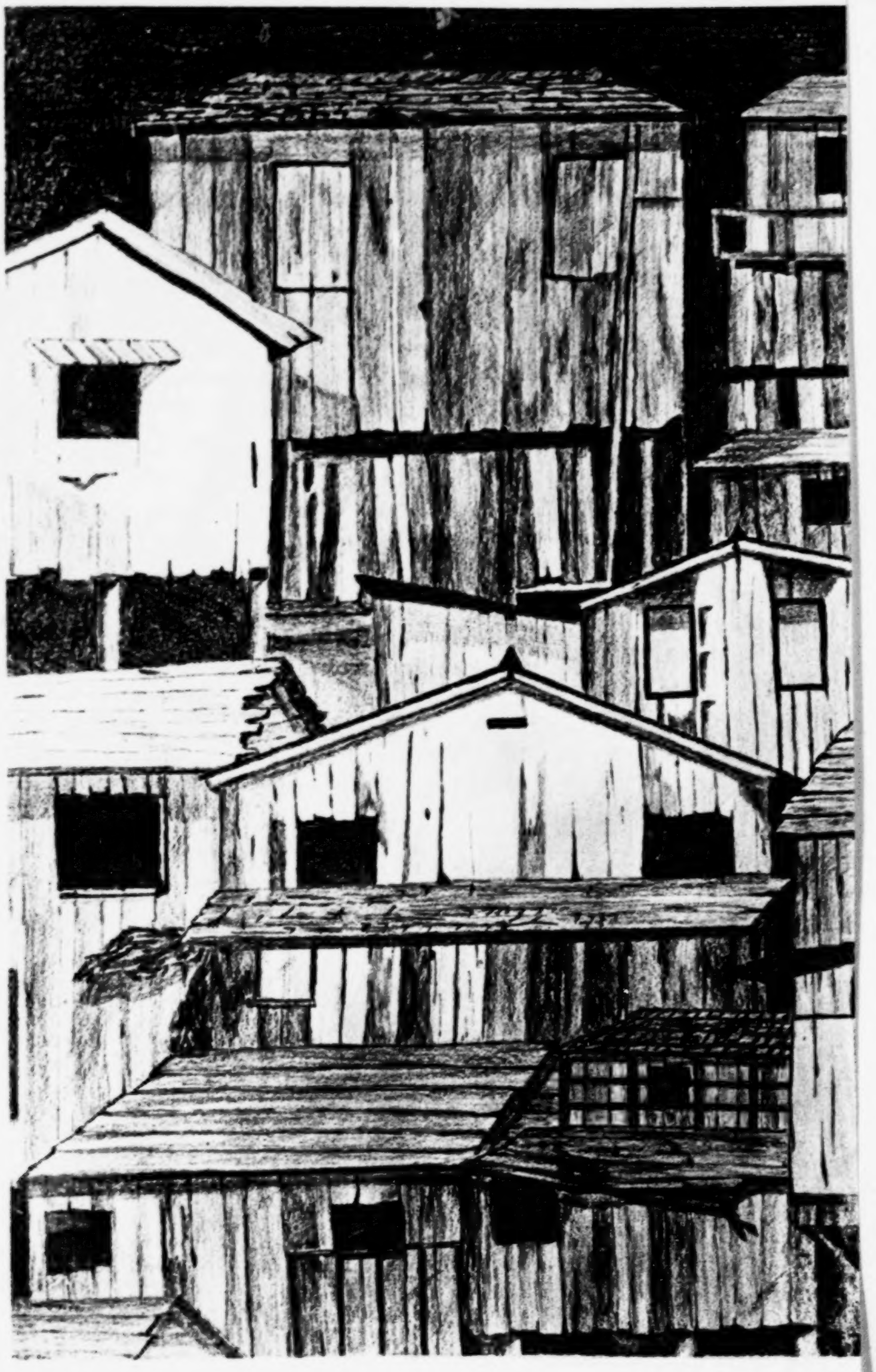
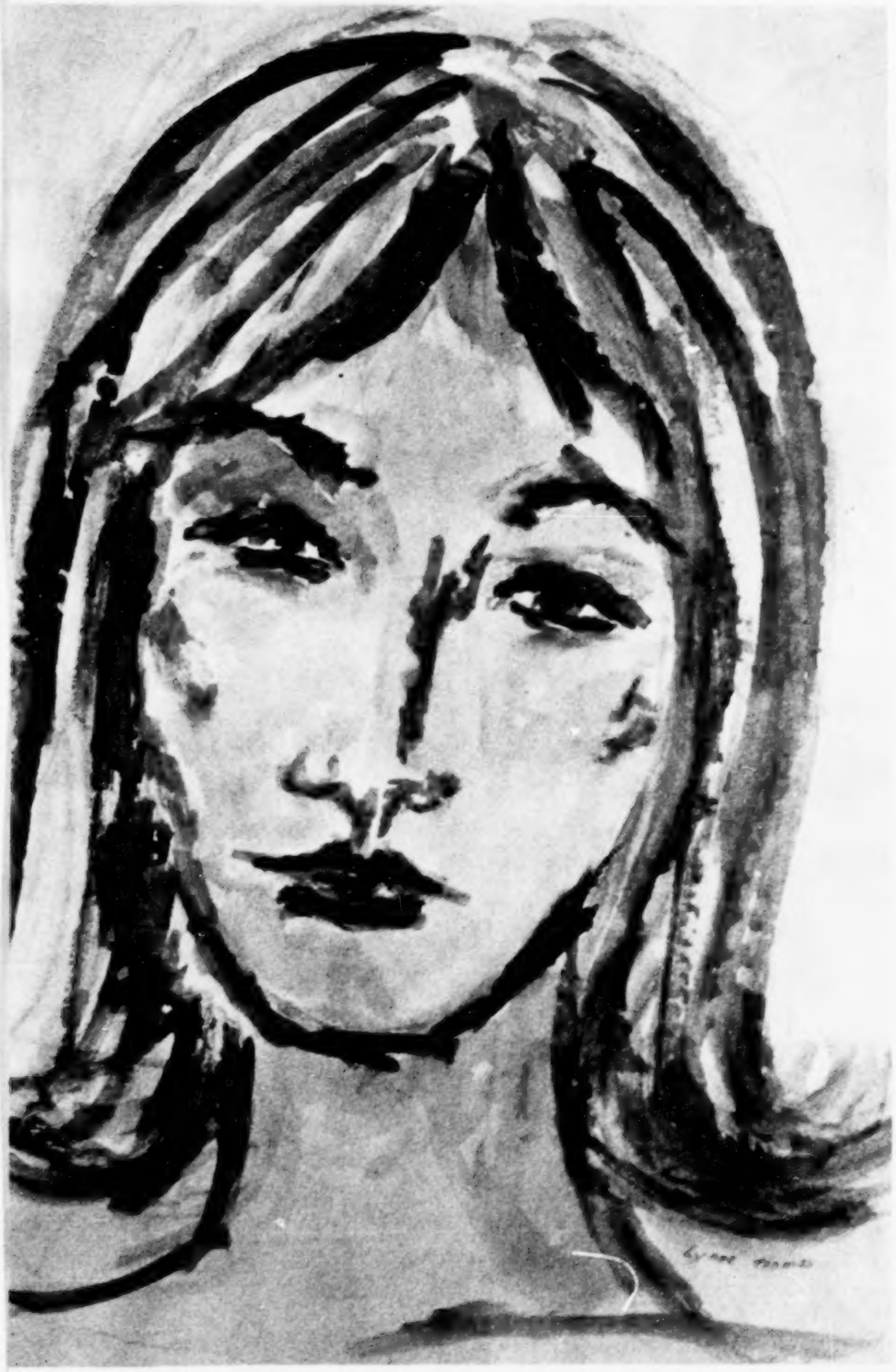
RICHARD LINGLEY, Dana Junior High School (pencil)



LYNNE THOMAS, Mann Junior High School (watercolor)



target

The day was hot, the kind of day when nothing moves except when the dry wind bears down and turns a blade of grass, a flower petal, or a leaf. The grass looked quite uncared-for, the dull green of the surviving dichondra mixing with the yellow of the ever-conquering crabgrass.

Suddenly there was a movement on the lawn, too quick to be seen well, though enough to alert the drowsy cat curled up in the shade of the chaise longue. With one eye partially opened, she guarded the spot where the grass had moved.

The movement came again. This time a green stick-like object landed on the cement. The cat tensed, both eyes open, her feline sensitivity concentrated on the grasshopper.

Slowly her hind legs bunched under her. The slits of her eyes narrowed, taking in every movement of the insect. Her tail straightened out behind, the tip quivering in expectation.

The grasshopper jumped again, this time away from the cat, and another movement came from the chaise. The cat slowly raised her body ever so little, stealthily placing one paw forward. She crept closer to the insect.

The next movements were sudden. One minute the cat was creeping along, her body hugging the ground. Then her muscles contracted; she sprang into the air; all four legs hunched over the grasshopper. When she came down, she was on the hot cement. The grasshopper was springing into the hedge.

The dejected cat walked slowly back to the shade, carefully chose a resting place and settled. Calmly she cleaned herself, her pink tongue gingerly licking the pads of her feet, burned by the cement. Then she put her head on her paws, closed her eyes, and relaxed.

JACQUE DONALDSON
Written at Crawford High School

My Carole

THINGS ARE FOREVER happening to my friends. Unusual things. I can't give any examples, but I'm sure you know what I mean. Little things which are memorable, to the point of writing about them, never happen to me. At least not often. Recently, though, I had a singularly beautiful experience which I will not soon forget.

Her name was Carole. She stood five-feet-eight, weighed just enough to be attractive, then two pounds more, wore glasses, and had brown hair, topping off an unusually pleasing face. I met her for the first time in the school newspaper office. She was acting as the Art Department's representative in connection with the choice of art work for the school literary magazine. She gave me an honest, friendly smile, and I asked if I could help her.

I didn't have anything to do with the magazine at the time, save that I was to have two poems printed in it. I was a sophomore and she, a senior. The meeting was brief, and I didn't see her again for several months.

Early one July morning, about seven-forty-five, I walked into Mr. Herriot's drawing and painting class and handed him a pass and a transfer from Philosophy and Great Books. He assigned me to a locker, and I filled it with paper, paints and brushes.

I turned from my locker in time to watch a model climb from a chair to a table top.

"Get out your black crayons and watercolors," shouted the teacher over the hum of friendly voices. "You have thirty seconds to do a figure study. We'll do three of these, different poses, and then change models. David, you sit over here," he added, pointing out a desk near the sink. We all arranged our desks into a circle and began to draw. I had finished the figure and had begun to paint the girl's skirt, when I slipped and painted her left leg blue. A soft voice behind me said, "Oh ho, I like that." I can't begin to describe the laugh that followed. It was quiet, pleasant, and earthy.

I turned, and there was Carole. I didn't know her name, but she knew mine. She remarked, "I hadn't expected to ever see you again. Your name's Dave, isn't it? I'm Carole." I was lost for words, but I managed to say, "Hi! Let me see your painting."

In the ensuing conversation, which lasted for four hours, it came out that Carole was taking the course for the third time, even though she got nothing from it other than experience.

How hard it is to put all this into words! Two unusual meetings, the pleasant conversation, and the very pleasure of her company turned a friendship into light fascination. Who is to say it was love? Who can deny, though, that this was certainly love of a sort. First love. Not puppy love, but the first real glow felt for a girl.

I felt rather foolish, a high school sophomore, so close to a college freshman. But I didn't care then; and later, all that mattered was the first time she held my hand.

The art class took several all-day field trips during the summer. One was to Old Town Plaza. Carole, Lloyd, Judy and I wandered all over the place. We even went upstairs at the Casa de Bandini and stole somebody's continental breakfast. The day was highlighted by a jaunt made by only Carole and me, to the Church of the Immaculate Conception, to see the baptismal font. On the way back, I asked Carole if I could hold her hand. She let me.

Even now, in February, so many months after, I think of it all; and I feel as though she were there in the room with me. She was beautiful. Dressed in Capris, or a dress, or a shift, she was Carole.

Sitting alone in La Jolla in a cave in the cliffs, talking on the docks at Bali Hai, holding her hand while Mr. Herriot showed us pictures through an opaque projector, I remember only these few details of the summer. And when the class ended and school began, I stopped seeing her, stopped calling her. But, still, so often, I think of her.

DAVID S. PAUL
Written at Point Loma High School

SO SMALL

"To see a world in a grain of sand . . ."
—WILLIAM BLAKE

A TINY WORLD's inhabitants were still quarreling, as the Omnipresent Universe looked on in undiscerning silence. The nature of their hostility had not changed; it merely had reached new heights of intensity. With unyielding faith in their convictions, the opposing sides hurled insults and accusations at one another. A great destructive power had been developed, and although its threat had not brought the antagonists into open conflict, the mood was one of tense uncertainty.

Unknown to the adversaries, however, the testing of their powerful forces had upset Nature's balance. Their tiny world had been jolted from its natural course. With terrible inevitability, it was being drawn towards certain collision. Closer and closer it came until, with sudden finality, the conflict was no more.

Two boys lay on their backs in the long, cool grass, staring up at the sky. Suddenly the face of the older child twitched in pain. "Ouch!" he exclaimed.

"What's the matter?" the other asked.

"Oh, nothing much. Just a grain of sand in my eye," he replied.

The Omnipresent Universe looked on in undiscerning silence.

JEFFREY LIPSCOMB
Written at Point Loma High School

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THE NIGHT

So still,
So empty now,
No one but the street lamps
Are awake to see wispy moths
Dance death.

DENNIS J. SPIRO
Written at Mann Junior High School

INSCRIBED IN LINGERING SAND

Ageless motion, untouched
By morality or nine to five —
The sea, the ocean of swirling foam
Reaching, propelling those assorted ones
Toward the crowded shore.
The only thought
Is hanging ten toes or
Shooting the tube of pearl-white, clear foam
Engulfing the body, concentrating only on
  precision.
The contest — the challenge of the elements
Presented on a stage
Of purest blue,
Swirling gray,
Dazzling green,
Met only with the defense of a nine-foot plank
And a bronze body of strength and determination—
Is often won.

ERICA NIETFELD
Written at La Jolla High School

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QUESTIONS IN THE AFTERNOON

Will Fate come charging
    to kill the man
with cape and sword
    on the sea of sand
and stun the crowd
    and quench his breath
and end his game
    of life with death?
Or will Fate falter
    and fall that day
with sword in back
    for a mere *olé*
and make the matador
    victorious, proud —
wondering, tomorrow will he
    die for the crowd?

LLONA BOAZ
Written at Hoover High School

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THE DAY THE WORLD ENDED

IT WAS A CLEAR, calm Saturday in July when the world was supposed to end. Everybody was indoors watching television or busy in some way waiting for it to happen. Mom was in the house ironing my baseball uniform for tomorrow's game. I heard her yell for me, so I went into the house. She wanted me to go to the store and off I went.

On the way I met Bobby Winter, a tall, lean Negro I had known for a long time. He had a baseball and asked me if I wanted to play a little catch. I said, "No, I don't think so." We walked to the store together. As we passed Pat Higgin's bar, we peeked in and all the men were staring at the ceiling, waiting for it to happen. It was close to H-hour (that was the military term), and the air seemed to be getting thicker all the time. When it came, it would come fast, so there was nothing to worry about. I asked Bobby if he wanted to go up on the hill at the end of town, to watch it come.

He said, "Why not?" And away we went.

When we got to the hill, there were only fifteen minutes until H-hour. By now everybody in town was outside, looking up at the clear blue sky. Then, with only five minutes left, there was a dismal silence.

It came in a blinding flash across the sky and left a vapor trail for as far as you could see. The crowd around us started cheering and hugging each other. I grabbed the nearest girl and started kissing her. It turned out to be that snobbish Mary Tompkins. To my surprise, she kissed me back.

He had made it! An astronaut had gone to Mars and back! THE WORLD HAD ENDED, AND THE UNIVERSE HAD BEGUN.

GARY COFFMAN
Written at Taft Junior High School

JAMES WARD, Madison High School (ink)

SHERMAN

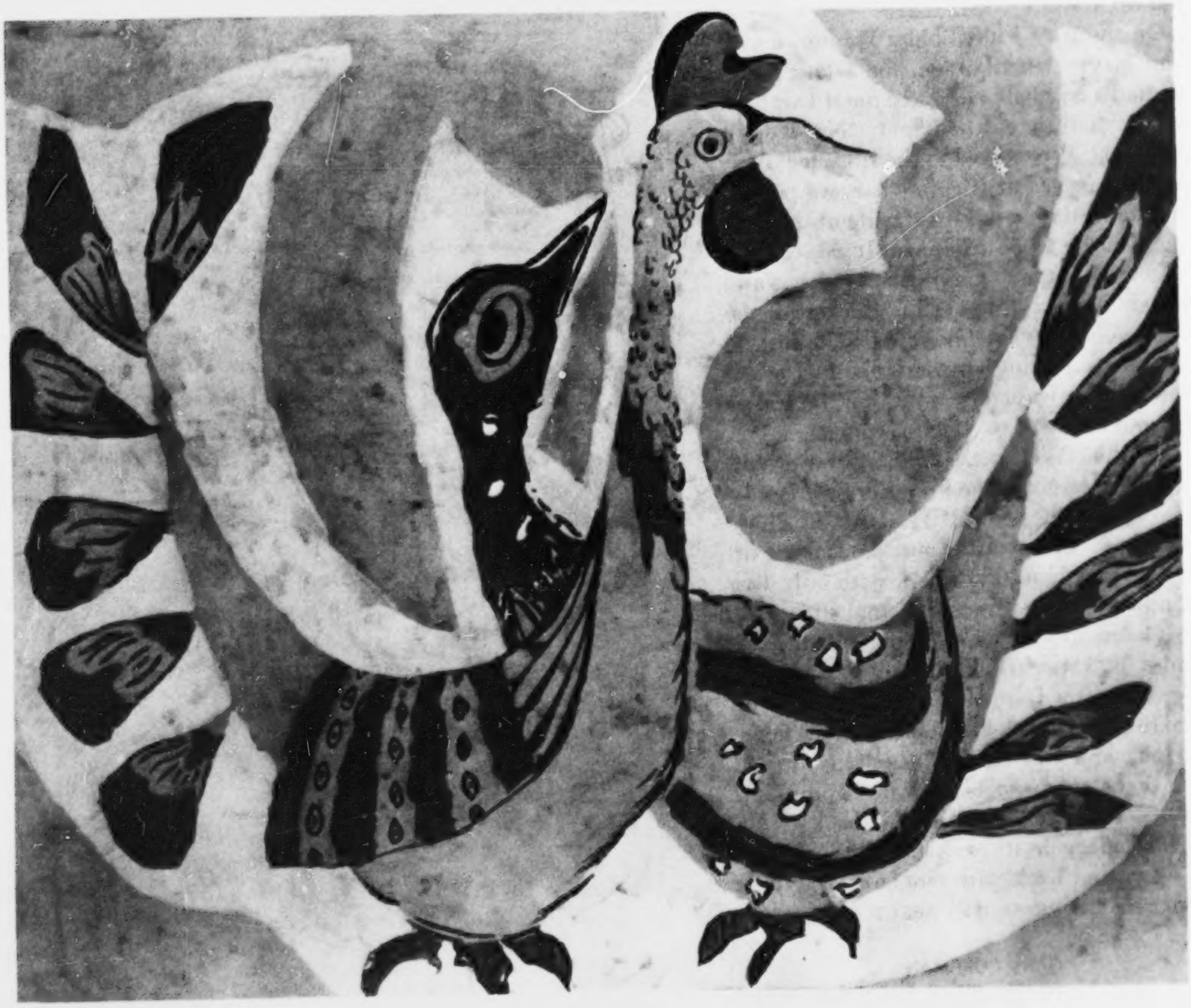
TO THE CASUAL observer our tortoise seems a dull creature with half-shut eyes, creeping about in a somnolent stupor. This is, however, a false impression. When Sherman walks, his walk is deliberate. With each steady step his unwieldy bulk is moved along a carefully plotted and very straight path. Like a tank, he disregards obstacles. Ponderous, but never sluggish, Sherman bears the heaviness of his armor with dignity. After he crosses the yard, four legs of a most improbable shape collapse beneath him and the tortoise sighs a very determined sigh and samples the nearest greenery.

If he eats figs, he submerges himself in his repast and becomes fig-colored. When eating lettuce, his bubble gum-pink tongue is stained light green which contrasts nicely with the earth-colored plates of his shell. If orange hibiscus blossoms (his favorite snack) are held above him, he will lower his hind legs, rise on his front ones, raise his neck and extend its full length (a most un-tortoise-like pose) and bite by bite savor each petal all the way to its stem.

Whether sprawled out in the sun or fully retired into the cavernous reaches of his shell, Sherman will gladly demonstrate to anyone who presents a delicacy, the full scope of his energy.

MARC BOOTMAN
Written at Point Loma High School

PAM FREIHEIT, Pacific Beach Junior High School (batik)



a friend for archie

"GET LOST, Archie. We don't want you taggin' along," Jeff Douglas said to his six-year-old brother.

Jeff and his friends, who ranged from eight to ten years of age, were about to start a game of baseball. Archie was the youngest boy in the neighborhood, and he often found himself with nothing to do.

"Aw, come on, Jeff," begged Archie. "Let me play."

"No. You'd louse everything up. Go on."

Archie saw that further argument was useless. His brown eyes were filling with tears as he turned and slowly walked away. He kicked a rock listlessly as he trudged down the street, a forlorn figure wearing old blue levis and a red sweatshirt.

Soon Archie found himself in front of the "forest." It was an unsold lot covered with trees. People who lived in Archie's neighborhood could not afford to buy such a large piece of land.

"Those big guys! They think they're so smart," Archie said to himself, still following the rock, which he had just given an energetic kick into the forest.

"I wish I could have an extra special friend who just belonged to me. Not an ordinary friend — but an elephant. Or a horse. Or a DRAGON! Yeah! A huge, green, magic dragon, with a long tail and lots of scales. And I'd name my special magic dragon Floyd. He'd have a big long face. And he'd blow fire out of his nose!"

Archie stopped short, for standing before him was a dragon. He blinked his eyes. Yes, it really was a DRAGON, just like the one he had heard about at school. For a full minute the dragon's red eyes watched Archie with all the interest that Archie watched the dragon. Slowly, Archie took a piece of bubble gum out of his pocket and offered it to the dragon. The dragon eyed him cautiously and finally advanced slowly and took the bubble gum from Archie's small extended hand. After chewing the gum for a while, the dragon gave a great leap, blew fire through his nose, and ran playfully about the forest.

Archie was delighted; at last he had a friend. For two weeks he and Floyd played among the trees. They chased each other all around the forest. Floyd even let Archie ride on his back. Archie often brought special treats for the dragon.

One day Archie and Floyd were playing tag. Archie yelled, "I'll catch you, Floyd! No dragon can outrun me!"

Suddenly Archie stopped running. The gleeful expression left his face. His game had been discovered. From behind a clump of trees jumped Jeff and his best friend, Tom. They began rolling around the ground with peals of mirth. Archie, red faced, looked down and scuffed at the dirt beneath his feet.

"Why don't you introduce us to your friend?" asked Jeff when he had partially recovered his composure.

"Yeah. I sure wish I had a dragon. Don't you wish you had a dragon, Jeff?" chortled Tom.

"Boy, I sure do!" replied Jeff with a chuckle.

"Hey listen, Shrimp," Jeff called over his shoulder as he left the forest. "When you're finished playing with this dumb dragon or whatever it is you've dreamed up, you'd better get home to Mom quick. I think you've flipped!"

Their mocking laughter echoed through the trees. Archie knew he was alone. The forest seemed strange and unfriendly.

BETTE SCAPPLE
Written at Mission Bay High School

571-72-1380

THE BRAIN, 8639750, rapidly dominated the nation's economy with its digital efficiency. Yankee ingenuity assigned numerical symbols to everything: coffee pot 1017, tape recorder 735, golf club D4175, car HMC043, plane 880, boat P6091, train PL318, and even a toy tricycle 8891. When tin cans, zip mailing codes, theater tickets, and telephones had been reduced to digits, the list was extended to include people.

The Brain was powered by atomic reactors and attended by a staff of skilled physicists, who prepared the millions of coded data cards and fed them into the machine. The Brain always came up with the right answer — until that momentous April 15, set by the Internal Revenue for filing income tax returns. The government had lovingly worked out a "simplified" system, grouping the bank account HL66703, securities 90087, bonds 88903, etc. into one number, social security 571-72-1380. Scientists, numbers 60084 to 60099, awaited the miracle of The Brain with bated breath.

The honor of pushing the final button was given to Dr. Al Wynstein, the famed creator of The Brain. The kindly old Swiss was dedicated to his lifetime work and was in love with his mechanical monster, which he fondly called Liebchen (German for "dear little child"). He gave the word, "Now, Liebchen! Now!"

Wham! Bam, bam, and bang! The world's most marvelous computer started with an abnormal crash by spewing out tax forms into a frightening eruption of papers. The spectators watched with horror; The Brain was vomiting millions of code cards along with tax forms 1040, 1040A and 1040B.

Dr. Wynstein stood trembling with rage as he shouted, "Stop it, Liebchen. Shame on you!" The Brain gave one last violent cough, shuddered convulsively, and blacked out its red danger lights.

The scientist almost sobbed. "What has happened, Liebchen? Aggravated electrons . . . maybe too much radiation?"

A dim light blinked feebly in The Brain and it responded slowly with a typed tape answer. "Failure not mechanical . . . Atomic power unit operating at full capacity."

"Perhaps a more violent disease, encephalitis?" asked Dr. Wynstein.

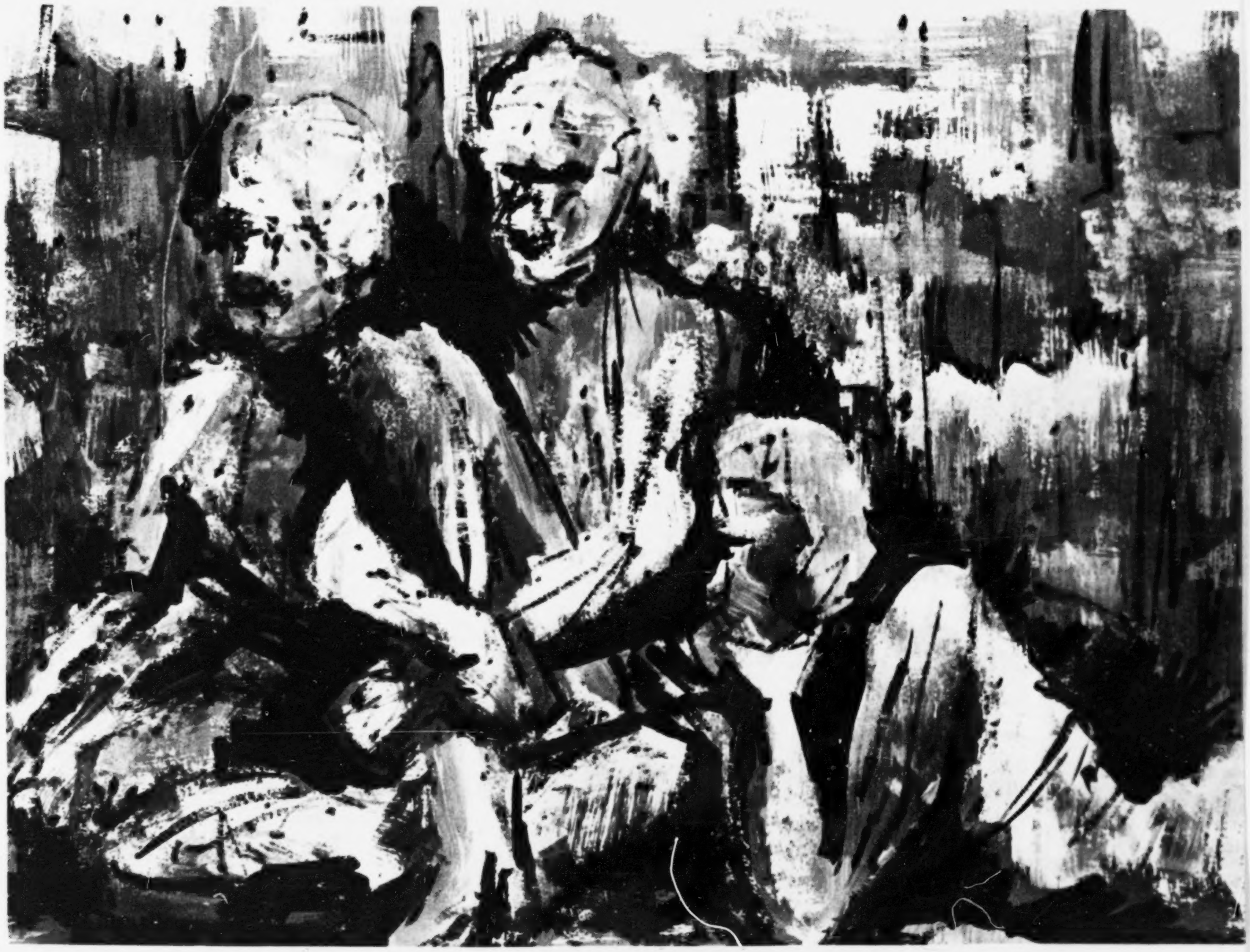
"Diagnosis not brain fever," replied the computer. "Origin of illness, psychosomatic." The Brain's flickering lights continued to answer. "Reactors," it fumed, "are calculated to digest numbers, not people. Definite psychosomatic trauma triggered by ionic revulsion to cannibalism: swallowing John Doe, Mary White, Joe Verdinsky . . . infinitus!"

After Dr. Wynstein explained to Liebchen that people are merely numbers, The Brain began the task of examining and processing and reducing 192,000,000 people to digits.

The President swore Congress to secrecy; the whole affair was top secret, hush-hush even to Pentagon top brass, official Washington, and nosey newspapermen. The incident of The Brain was buried carefully in State Department files. In fact, the President's advisers were so impressed with The Brain's performance that committee 198764S was hastily convened. This committee raided the President's emergency fund for the quick $1,000,000,000 needed for research and construction of a bigger and better computer dedicated to computing the exact tax-tonnage the citizenry would bear before diving head-first into 23,689,451 16 x 98 swimming pools.

NICHOLAS NAYFACK
Written at Point Loma High School

DORI TALMADGE, Madison High School (tempera)



FEEL RHYTHM

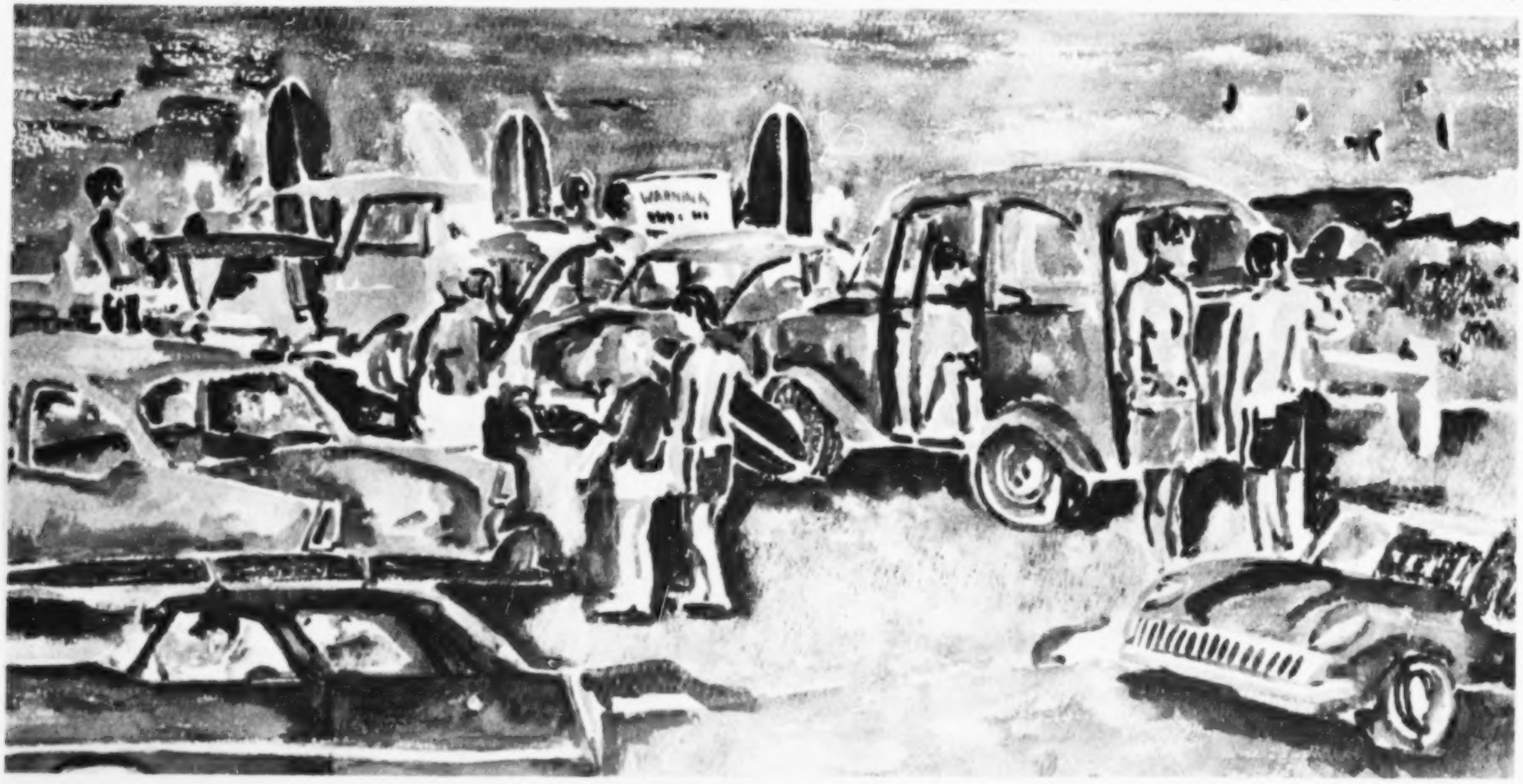
Vibrant
    And astir,
        The rhythmic embrace
    Pulsates with the heart,
    Encircles restless souls.
Frantic
    And ablaze,
        The beating, sweeping force
Casts its drunken rule
Over all, conquering all.

Move!
Jump!
    Feel the ecstasy of rhythm's rushing current.
    Seek excitement in the magnitude of sound.
Fervent
    And untamed,
        The nervous cry of drums
Recalls a distant land
Of dark and frenzied moods.
Joyous
    And intense,
        The church's rousing beat
Inspirits quaking souls
Who grasp the hand of God.

Cry!
Sing!
    Now surrender to intoxicating rhythm
    And escape within the ardent arms of joy.

JANE STAULZ
Written at Lincoln High School

LINDA BULL, Point Loma High School (watercolor)



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CATCHER IN LINE: A PARODY

I WAS TIRED. I don't know why; I was just tired. It even took energy just to climb the steps of that stupid bus. I don't know what was wrong with it; it was just stupid. Heck, I'd done this a thousand times, but I still got a bang out of it, something different and all. I flopped into one of the crummy seats and looked around, kind of innocent-like. There were all kinds of guys pushing into the bus; what a panic. They reminded me of dogs guarding their food or something. I looked at the roof of the bus; it had all these phony posters plastered all around as usual. I don't know why, but I always read 'em. I mean there isn't anything else to do. I looked at one poster with the word "football" plastered across this guy's face. He was one of these "Joe-All-American" type characters. Anyway, it was the same old phony poster I'd seen before. Then I started thinking of how tired I was. I'm always feeling sorry for myself; I don't know why, but I always do. Pretty soon all these strictly stereotypes decided they were ready to go. That drives me crazy, when people lug all kinds of unnecessary junk with them. They act like they're doing you a very big favor or something. It took all of 20 feet before this big mouth in the back yells out "turn off the overheads." That burns me, I mean when people think only of themselves. It seems like no matter what I like, there is always someone who wants something different, and they always get their way. We hadn't gone too far before we were really rolling down this crazy hill. I swear, I don't know why they don't level off some of those gaudy hills. Anyway, pretty soon we were in this gorgeous traffic jam. It was depressing. There were all these cars bumper to bumper and nobody going anywhere. That's the way life is; you just stand in line and go nowhere. It only reminded me of how tired I was; that was depressing too. In fact, everything I looked at was depressing. I looked at all the cars sitting there spreading cancer gas and started thinking about when there wouldn't be any more cars, when we run out of our precious petroleum and all. That thought made me happy; I'm crazy, I swear.

We were almost there and all the stupid cars were getting thicker, but I didn't care. I didn't care about anything. It made me sick, all the cars and people I mean. Pretty soon we could see the big lights and everyone got all excited. Big deal! I was still tired; I couldn't even hold onto the seat in front of me. My grubby claws were real weak, weaker than usual I mean. Maybe it was the good old heat; I hate heat and it hates me, just like people. Then I started thinking up all kinds of excuses; I always make up excuses for myself. I don't know; maybe because I know I'm going to do lousy or something; I don't know. We sat there outside the stadium. I didn't know what we were waiting for. We just sat there while all the morons in the stands were whooping it up. It took a while, but pretty soon this feeble-minded old driver found the place where we were supposed to go.

You'd think I'd be thankful to get off the bus, but all I could think of was the ride home after the game. After we got out in the air and under the lights, I forgot about the bus. I even started getting kind of excited. I wasn't exactly psyched out of my mind, but I was glad I was there. I swear, I'm crazy.

CURT PETERSON
Written at Clairemont High School

SO YOU WANT TO PLAY GOLF

BEING AN AVERAGE, pimply-faced, not-so-coordinated, eager-to-learn youth of fifteen, I decided it was about time to tackle a real he-man sport. I couldn't run very well, and every time I tried to show my ability in sports, my left foot kept kicking my right one. In fact, I even got tired walking to the gym. I had to find a sport that didn't require agility, coordination, or a well-conditioned set of sinews. I turned to golf.

The theory of golf is simple. On Sunday morning at five o'clock (that's even before the birds are up), the golfer clubs a white nugget through weeds, sand and trees, trying to get it in a hole four inches in diameter. Golf is so simple that even old men can play it.

I took my brand new set of fancy clubs out to the first tee. My playing partners were a poker-faced judge, a doctor, and a lawyer. The judge was first to hit. He hooked the ball, grimaced, and gave me that "I-dare-you-to-laugh" stare. The doctor was next to tee off. He hit a beautiful two-hundred-yard line drive. Proud of the finesse he had shown, he strutted off the tee. I think I heard the judge say that the shot was the luckiest of Doc's life. The lawyer was next. I am told that lawyers are noted for their eloquence and understanding of semantics. This observation must be true. After the lawyer hit, he blurted a good many four-letter words in a very eloquent fashion. They said that I was next. With a lump in my throat I started for the tee.

With true dexterity and ease, I teed the ball and, with all the determination I could muster, took a mighty swat. I missed. I heard a snicker, and I broke out in a cold sweat. Then I thought of all the old men who play golf, and I was reassured. I swung again and missed. Now the snickers turned to groans. My partners were becoming impatient. I felt a stabbing pain in my shoulder, and I realized that I had pulled a muscle. Hurriedly I swung again. In my haste I had forgotten to look where I was swinging and I had hit a tee marker.

The next thing I knew was that I was holding the grip; the shiny shaft lay at my feet. Now the groans of my partners turned to tears. The doctor said that he would be better off in church than playing golf with me. Then I heard someone yell, "Fore!" I turned to see what was going on, and the next thing I remember was the weeping of my mother in the clubhouse. A wayward ball had found my head and had knocked me unconscious.

On the way home we stopped at the Jack-In-The-Box, a treat which made the day a partial success. Mother agrees that I should quit golf and take up something safe, like surfing!

JOHN WOOD
Written at San Diego High School

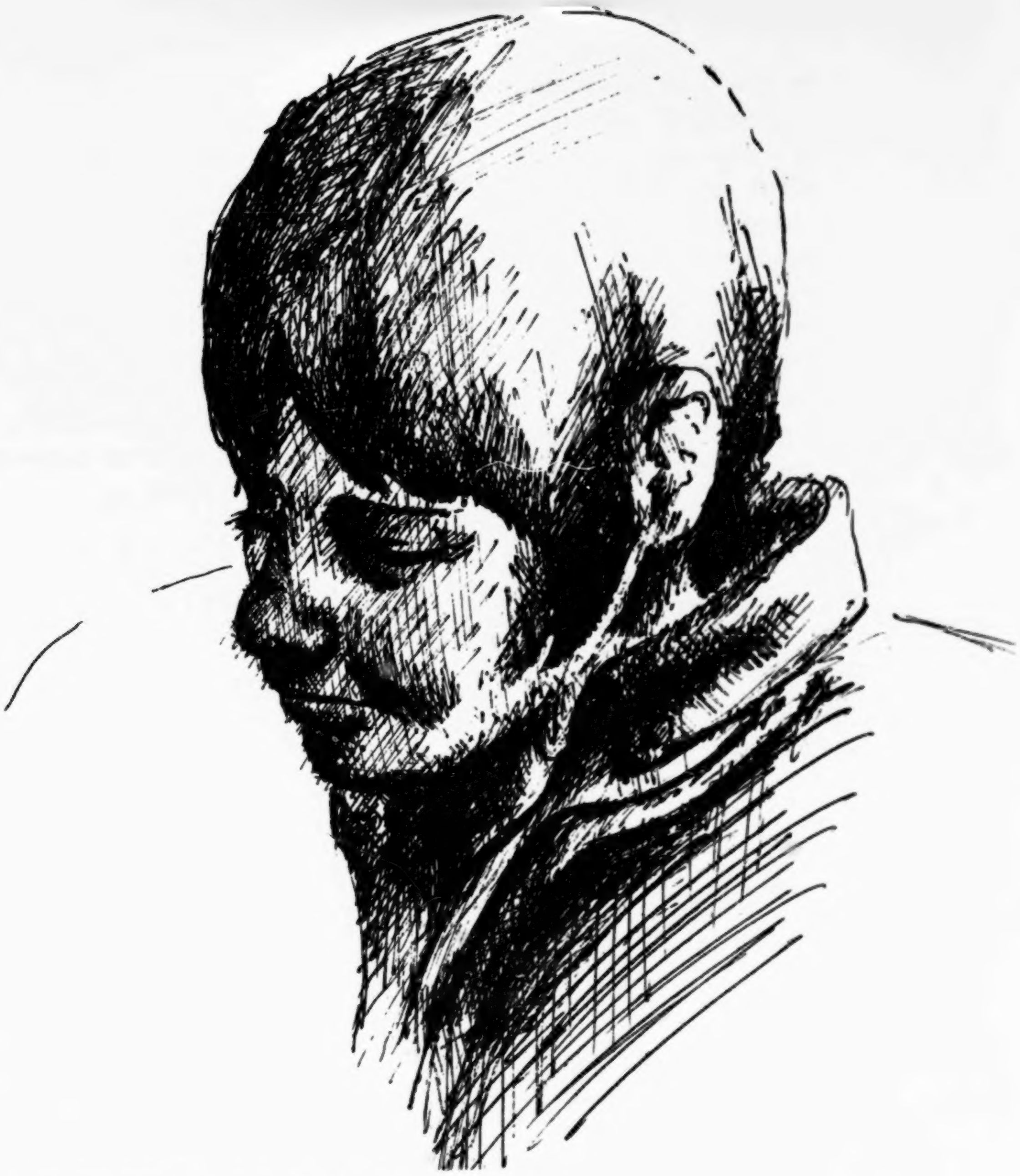
* * *

Beautiful Memory

I LOOKED OUT an open window into a warm sunny morn to see a beautiful yellow butterfly sitting on a blooming cherry tree. The tree leaves were like miniature saucers that had been inverted to show a shiny green, and the thin brown branches were bending to the heavy burdens that grew on them. Clusters of light pink blossoms permeated all the air with a fragrance only nature can produce. The warming rays from the furnace in the sky caused the dew on the greenish leaves to glimmer like emeralds and sparkle like diamonds. The swallowtail butterfly appeared as a faint, yellow glow with beautiful black edges on its paper-thin wings. It looked so fragile and delicate against the cloudless, blue sky and the hues of the cherry tree, that each faint breeze seemed to threaten its collapse. Suddenly, nature's frail craft of the air fluttered and in a moment was gone from view, but not from memory.

CHARLES McROBERTS
Written at Mission Bay High School

* * *



PATRICIA DOTY, La Jolla High School (ink)

A PUPPY

From floppy ears
To button nose,
From wagging tail
To tiny toes,
He's just one mass
Of wiggles, squiggles, yelps and barks,
Of funny antics, and happy larks.
Sometimes he's here;
Sometimes he's there
—And look!
He stumbled down the stairs.
A puppy tear,
A puppy frown,
He's standing up;
He's lying down.
He's got my shoe;
With puppy teeth,
It now is torn;
It can't be worn.
A timid growl,
A clumsy jump,
There he goes;
Now comes the thump.
He missed me,
But he'll try again.
He bares his teeth
In foolish grin;
He never stops till close of day,
And then my puppy sleeps away.

MARJORIE WESTON
Written at
Marston Junior High School

KITES

Oh, how I wish that I could have
The freedom of a kite,
To sail the oceans of the sky
In free and careless flight,
To loop and twirl above the towns,
Many miles up high.
And I could go just any place,
No limit but the sky!
But, oh, alas, I realize
That this can never be,
For no one in this world of ours
Can ever be that free.

JANET MOOERS
Written at
Roosevelt Junior
High School

RETREAT

Once, when all the world was
Gilded with gold and the
Melting heat of summer's day,
Parched and thirsty at the
Border of my soul,
I escaped and left the
Sun behind me, fled and
Found a quiet forest sealed within
my heart.

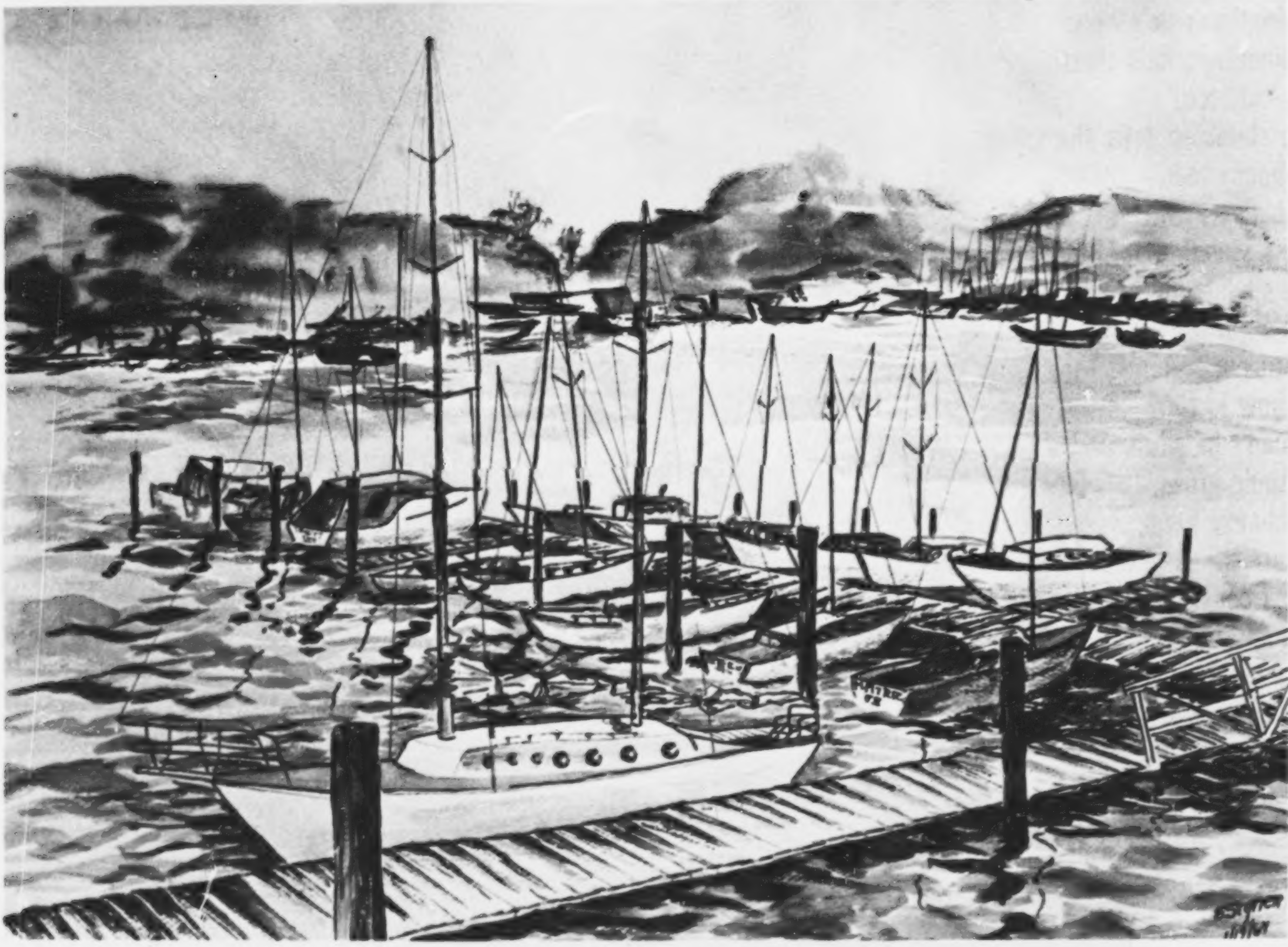
JAMI SELBY
Written at
La Jolla High School

LIE OR LAY?

Now I lie, to rest in bed;
Upon my pillow I'll lay my head.
If tomorrow I am slain,
Bury me where I have lain.

GARY TANAKA
Written at
O'Farrell Junior
High School

EVELYN STYNER, Point Loma High School (watercolor)



On Raising Worms

"YOU WILL BE expected to make a science project for this year's science fair," my tenth-grade biology teacher, Mr. Polonsky, said. For several nights I pondered the question of what I was going to do for my science project. A neighbor's casual comment that the soil around our house was very dry and contained no worms led me to wonder what effect worms did have on soil. This, in turn, led me to decide to raise worms to determine the answer to this question.

My first problem was that of procuring some worms. My first effort in this direction was to try to dig some out of our supposedly "wormless" lawn. After digging up half our yard, I decided that our neighbor was right and there were no worms in our dry soil. I even used an electrical device guaranteed to cause worms to come to the surface of one's lawn. I still found no worms. Deciding to spend some money on my project, I went down and bought a hundred worms for fifty cents. I also bought some food and enriched soil to breed them in.

Loaded with worms and food for them, I proceeded to construct a wooden bin in which to raise them. I filled this bin with damp soil especially made from dirt, mulch, and fertilizer. In this mixture I placed some "worm food," food made from the dried blood of a cow. I then threw the worms into the wooden bin.

I chose to limit my experiment with worms to seeing what effect they had on the growth of grass. To do this, I decided to have two large cans of grass. Into one can, I placed ten worms; into the other, nothing. Unfortunately, I got the two cans mixed up, and I couldn't determine which was which. For scientific results, therefore, this experiment was controlled with somewhat less than perfect accuracy. This didn't really matter, however, as I never did notice any difference between the growth of grass in the one can and the growth of grass in the other. After making careful, scientific observations, I wrote up a report and placed my observations on a billboard. This billboard, along with a picture of a worm and a couple of cans (to let the judges know I actually performed my experiment) made up my science project. Mr. Polonsky gave me an "A" for it. The judges gave me a piece of paper indicating my participation in the fair.

My project for the science fair now completed, I took the worms home and dumped them on the lawn. In about two months we began to notice the lawn turning brownish and dead looking. My father, suspecting foul play on the part of the worms, took one which he captured down to the nursery, where he found out it was of the variety that eats the roots of grass. For several months we made an effort to control the little pests, unsuccessfully. We now have a green colored, rock filled yard in the front of our house. In the back we have dead grass. I still have not discovered why I didn't notice any bad effect of the worms on the grass in the cans, and perhaps I shall never know; but if I weren't so scientific minded, I might say that those worms purposely refrained from eating the grass in the cans in order that they might be dumped on the front lawn, where they could gorge themselves.

BOB WICKLER
Written at Hoover High School

TWO GREAT TRAGEDIES

HENRY FIELDING'S *Tragedy of Tragedies*, or, *The Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great* is probably one of the most blatantly ridiculous burlesques ever written. It is a parody on practically every English romantic tragedy prior to Fielding's time, with special references to approximately a dozen works.

The first hint that this tragic play is not actually a tragedy comes in the cast list, which includes all the characters that have been found in tragedy since the days of *Hamlet:* a royal family, a heroic knight, courtiers, a ghost, a magician, as well as "Guards, Rebels, Trumpets, Drums, Thunder and Lightning." In the Shakespearean style, Fielding includes a short description of the major characters in his cast list. We are given a warning of what is to come in Fielding's description of the Queen Dollallolla as ". . . a woman entirely faultless, saving that she is a little given to drink, a little too much a virago towards her husband, and in love with Tom Thumb."

As in *Hamlet*, the first scene is a dialogue between two minor characters, which summarizes the happenings prior to the beginning of the play. The two courtiers, Doodle and Noodle, discuss Tom Thumb's triumphant return to the court after vanquishing a nation of giants. The author shows immediately that this is to be an important scene by giving Doodle a speech about the importance of the day. Here Fielding introduces the first of many poetic similes, of which Shakespeare was so fond:

"Doodle: Sure, such a day as this was never seen!
The sun himself, on this auspicious day,
Shines like a beau in a new birthday suit:
This down the seams embroidered, that
the beams.
All nature wears one universal grin."

Unlike *Hamlet*, no one has been killed at the opening of the play, except for a few giants. Actually the problem is a socio-mathematical one, an overlapping multilateral: the king loves Glumdalca, the slave, who loves Tom Thumb, who is loved by the Queen Dollallolla, who is the mother of Huncamunca, who is loved by Tom Thumb and Lord Grizzle, whom Huncamunca loves equally. That is the argument of the play, and one with enough complications to do Shakespeare credit.

Hamlet is replete with soul-searching soliloquies, and Fielding has included a fine portion of those in his tragedy. One of the best is that of the Queen trying to decide what to do about her love for Tom Thumb. It includes, of course, several charming similes:

"And whither shall I go? — Alack a day!
I love Tom Thumb — but must not tell him so;
For what's a woman when her virtue's gone?
A coat without its lace; wig out of buckle;
A stocking with a hole in't — I can't live
Without my virtue, or without Tom Thumb . . ."

The soliloquy continues, and as Hamlet chooses life, so Dollallolla chooses Tom.

As this is a tragedy, it is necessary to include some tragic speeches. When Glumdalca is rejected by Tom in favor of Huncamunca, Fielding does not let the opportunity slip by; he gives the scorned maiden a beautifully tragic speech, ending with the exclamation "Confusion, horror, murder, guts, and death!" which, the author explains, are stock words in tragedy, and this speech seemed like a good place to stick them in.

In *Hamlet*, the tragic prince uses maggots in a parable to discuss life and death. Fielding borrowed the maggots for a wedding scene. When Tom marries Huncamunca, the parson leaves them with the final blessing that they breed as maggots and have a fine, large family:

"Long may they live, and love, and propagate,
Till the whole land be peopled with
Tom Thumbs!
So, when the Cheshire cheese a maggot breeds,
Another and another still succeeds:
By thousands and ten thousands they increase,
Till one continued maggot fills rotten cheese."

There is also, of course, the ghost. Hamlet's father returned to earth after death; so does Tom's. However, Hamlet's ghost solved a mystery; Tom's creates one. The ghost alludes to an uprising of rebels led by Grizzle, but his main message seems to be merely that the king should "Beware!"

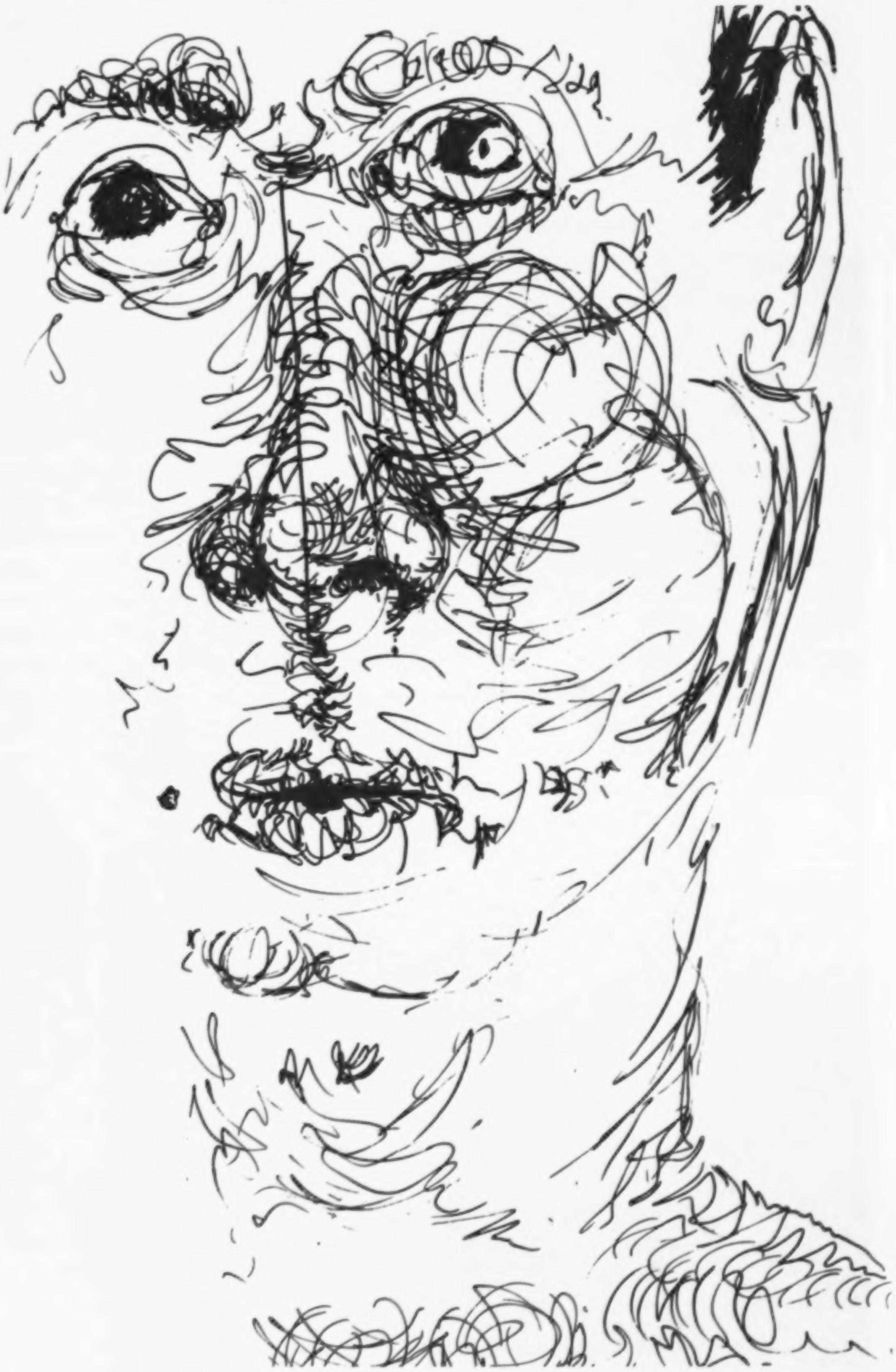
The best comparison between *Hamlet* and *Tom Thumb* can be drawn in the last act. Although the hero has already been eaten by a cow by the time the final scene of *Tom Thumb* comes, Fielding is still left with the courtiers on his hands, and in fine Hamletonian style, he has them murder each other. The scene ends with seven bodies strewn about, which is better than Hamlet's paltry four. And for those who enjoyed Hamlet's dying speech, the king, too, finds time after the deathblow to say a few last words:

"So when the child, whom nurse from danger guards,
Sends Jack for mustard with a pack of cards,
Kings, queens, and knaves, throw one another down,
Till the whole pack lies scattered and o'erthrown;
So all our pack upon the floor is cast,
And all I boast is — that I fall the last."

Is any nobler sentiment to be found in *Hamlet?*

ANN LUBAR
Written at Mission Bay High School

JOHN SCOTT, Madison High School (ink)



FATE

Am I predestined to be led by God
To death upon one silent unbent road,
And sadly leave the curious paths untrod,
My life so planned that I am folioed
In albums great, already dead?
Am I a deck so shuffled, cut, and dealt that life
Becomes a game of tricks and trumps which I
Can never win? But no! There must be strife!
Decuma will not cast my lot.
For fate is indolence, a false delirium,
A spineless route which helps procrastinate
The joy of finding life a premium.
For fate's no lovely gift of God to me,
But Satan's curse on blind humanity.

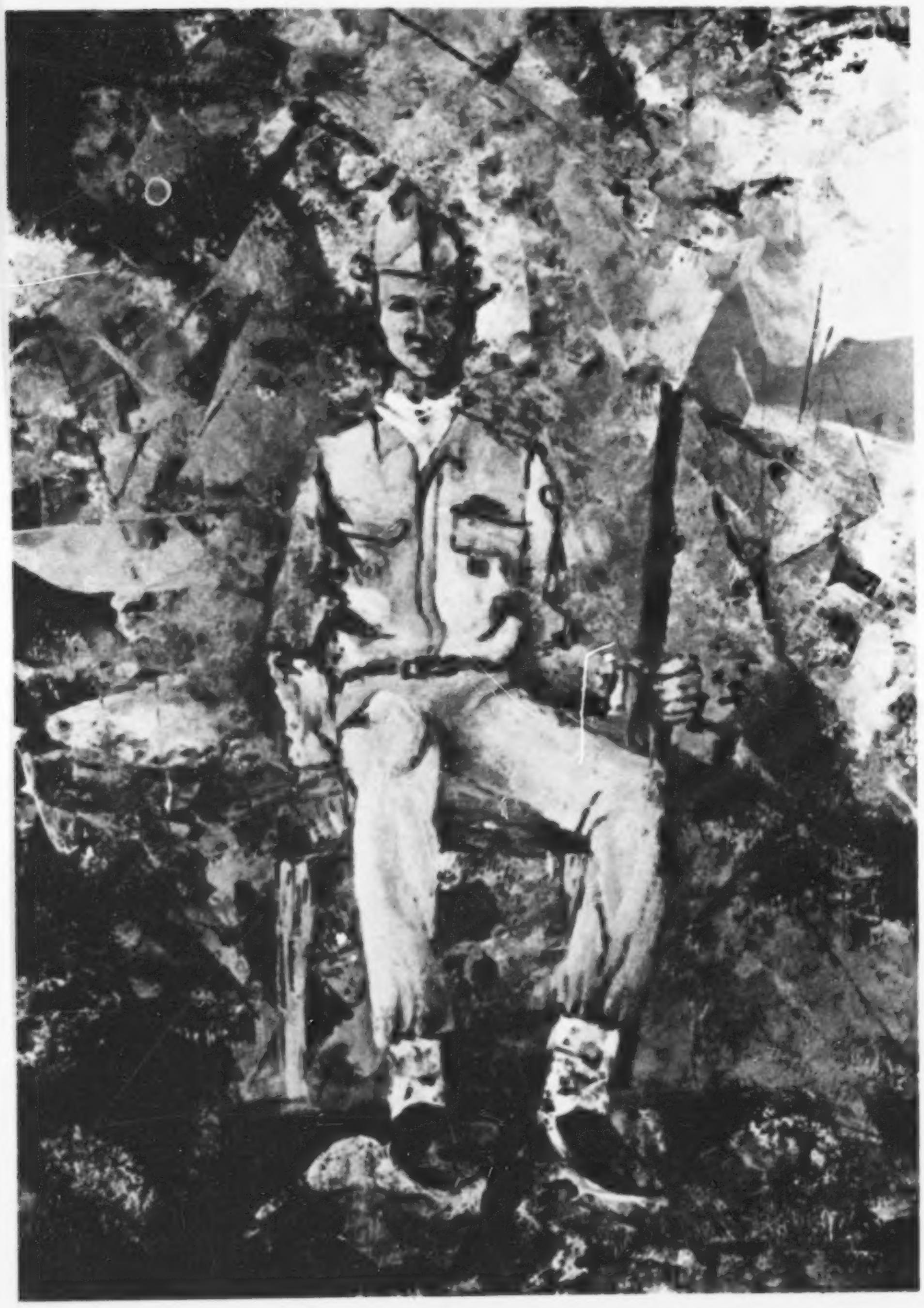
CHARLES McCALL
Written at
Point Loma High School

TO J.F.K.

Steady beat of horses' hooves,
Sound of muffled drums,
Caisson moving slowly on,
A president is dead.

ALICE HARRINGTON
Written at
Collier Junior High School

BARBARA HENDERSON, Lincoln High School (tempera)



I WITNESSED HISTORY

I WAS TRULY a witness to history. I knew the first impact of shock. I felt the awful disbelief that tragedy could be so real, and hoped that if we said "no" loud enough and long enough we could halt the nightmare. I watched people's faces record the pain of personal loss, the shame of violence in a peaceful land, and even the look of hateful revenge against a killer.

If I had simply read in the newspaper that the President had been assassinated, I would have felt bad. I would have felt sympathy for his wife and children. I would have hoped his assassin would be caught and tried. And, if the next day the paper had printed the incredible story of the President's alleged killer's being shot down by a second assassin, I would have felt shaken by such a happening; but I would have been quite able to change the subject and speak of more pleasant things.

But I live in an age that makes all of us real witnesses to history; the television camera brought this bit of history straight into my home. I was shown the faces of the stricken; watched the face of a mourning wife, completely stripped of her right to privacy. I saw the President's children stand in wonder and bewilderment. I "went" to two funerals in one long day, hearing the sorrowful drum of the funeral dirge at one and, at the other, the wrenching sobs of a deprived widow who found little relief in the knowledge that her police-force husband was now a national hero.

I was a witness to a murder! And I didn't watch this event just once, but over and over again! Sometimes I wondered why I sat down to watch the same awful tragedy reoccur. Morbid curiosity? A little, perhaps. But when I try to analyze why I watched so often and intently, I think perhaps it was a way to convince myself that it really did happen.

This is history I didn't read in a newspaper or textbook, but history that I witnessed. And just as one must do when tragedy befalls him, I continue to live my normal routine each day. But I still feel that maybe it didn't really happen. Then I remember: I *saw* it happen and it was real and, oh, so final.

JANIE FARMER
Written at Muirlands
Junior High School

POST-MORTEM

THE GLARING SUN cast its penetrating rays down on the Texas city. Shirt-sleeved men scurried busily about their tasks and prepared for the coming event. Here and there one could see men in dark suits and crisp black hats, uncomfortably conspicuous in the gathering crowd. High above, a figure sat silently, hiding, waiting. Birds were soaring in wide parabolas through the deep sky flecked with thick white clouds. One could hear the sounds of a happy and prosperous city: horns, whistles, and the steady thrum of machinery overwhelming the lighter noises of birds and crickets.

There was no premonition of what was to come. Suddenly the crowd strained forward with excitement and anticipation as a glint of light reflected off the hood of a slowly approaching car. In the sixth-floor window the waiting man slowly wiped the remains of his lunch from his fingers and reached for an object leaning against a nearby packing case. The car was now very close. It was a shiny black limousine with four smiling occupants. The noisy crowd surged forward to see and to be seen. Just at that moment the hidden man's hand contracted slightly around a small spur of metal and sent a spinning leaden slug hurtling accurately through space at the heart and conscience of a nation.

ROBBIE MOORE
Written at Point Loma High School

THE DAY KENNEDY DIED

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1963, was a beautiful fall day at our high school. The sky was blue and cloudless, the sun warm. It was one of those rare days one seldom sees in late November. No one knew that on this morning a horrible tragedy would occur, affecting the life of every person in the world.

The shocking news came at 11:20 a.m., at the beginning of the first lunch period. No one believed it — it was just a rumor, a cruel joke someone had made up. Then, out on the lawn, a student switched on his transistor. Immediately a crowd gathered around him anxiously listening. A newscaster's voice came on. "President Kennedy is dead," it said grimly. "He was shot and killed in Dallas less than forty minutes ago." It *was* true! Shocked beyond words, stunned with disbelief and horror, most of the students walked away. Some stayed to hear the details. The words were the same on everyone's lips: "Oh, no!" "Who did it?" "Is Jackie okay?"

The news spread through the school rapidly. Within fifteen minutes everyone knew that John F. Kennedy was dead. On the front lawn two boys lowered the flag to half mast. Everyone rose. The only sounds were the flapping of the flag and the squeaking of the pulleys as it was lowered. Tears streamed down the faces of some students. Others sobbed openly. Most just stood silently.

All through the rest of the day the only talk was that of the tragedy. Tests were postponed. Homework was forgotten. Radios, usually forbidden in classrooms, were now welcomed by the teachers. In the halls at passing time the conversation was the same: "Did you hear?" "Isn't it terrible?" "Where were you when you heard?"

Friday was a day never to be forgotten by the students of our high school. Everything had happened so quickly and was so horrible that it was still impossible to believe. A grim hush had fallen; the usual chatter and laughter were missing. There were no smiles. Today was the day Kennedy died.

SUSAN JOHNSON
Written at La Jolla High School

Book Review: **NINE STORIES**

by

J. D. SALINGER

NINE STORIES by J. D. Salinger is depressing. Each story is a segment of a certain way of life and is so starkly real that the reader becomes a part of that life and is therefore all the more effectively saddened by what he sees.

The first story, "A Perfect Day for Bananafish," is about a young man very similar to Richard Cory in Edwin A. Robinson's poem. Seymour Glass* seems happy — he tells funny, make-believe stories about bananafish to a little girl named Sybil and delights her with his antics. Then, for no apparent reason, Seymour goes up to his hotel room and shoots himself in the head. The ending of this story is done with such simple boldness that it gives the reader a disquieting sense of insecurity. From the beginning of the story, the reader has felt like an acquaintance of Seymour Glass — an acquaintance who knows pretty much all there is to know about the young man with a wonderful way with children. But then Seymour's unexpected suicide jolts the reader out of his cozy self-contentment and makes him realize how little can really be taken for granted about people. The reader can't help putting himself in Seymour's place and sensing how lonely a person can be in a world where people judge each other so much by exterior behavior.

The characters that impress the reader the most in *Nine Stories* are Salinger's children. They are not the carefree, unconcerned children that so often brighten up a book, but nervous, high-strung individuals with distinct personalities. In his story, "For Esmé—with Love and Squalor," Mr. Salinger has written about a young soldier's friendship with a thirteen-year-old English girl during the second World War. Esmé is not a normal thirteen-year-old. Her worries are not about her birthday party or her new dress. She is serious — too serious for her age, perhaps, and too concerned with the war and people's feelings. Of her dead parents Esmé says to the soldier knowingly, "Father was an introvert. To be quite candid, Father really needed more of an intellectual companion than mother was. He was an extremely gifted genius."

Such big words and keen insight from a young girl would seem contrived and out of place if it weren't for the ring of truth that all of Salinger's stories have. And especially this story makes the reader believe that Esmé was a real person, and the author himself the soldier. "For Esmé—with Love and Squalor" beautifully, but sadly, emphasizes each person's need for friendship.

The hero of "Teddy" is a genius at ten. Perhaps a little too perceptive for his age, he is nevertheless made interesting and precocious through his expounding of what must be the author's own thoughts. For instance, leaning out of a porthole in an Atlantic passenger ship, Teddy sees some orange peels dumped into the ocean and philosophizes:

> If I hadn't seen them, then I wouldn't know they were there, and if I didn't know they were there, I wouldn't be able to say they even exist.

Along this same line, Teddy explains to the ship's gym instructor that life is nothing more than a dream. As long as a person thinks something exists, then he can be affected emotionally by it. Teddy says:

> You know Sven? . . . Well, if Sven dreamed tonight his dog died, he'd have a very, very bad night's sleep, because he's very fond of that dog. But when he woke up in the morning, everything would be all right. The point is if his dog really died, it would be exactly the same thing. Only, he wouldn't know it. I mean he wouldn't wake up till he died himself.

Through philosophies like Teddy's, *Nine Stories* reflects the idea that life is a sad and ironic play where millions of separate individuals work and struggle and react in uniquely different ways to the pressures that life puts upon them. J. D. Salinger must like people, for his characters are sensitive and innately good. Some of them, like Esmé, hide behind cold and philosophical exteriors, but they all have compassion and a desire to help others. The only time Salinger appears to become cynical about mankind is when he views people as a group —and then he is really only poking fun at his own seriousness as well as that of others. In "Just Before the War with the Eskimos," a young man looks out of his apartment window at the people on the street and says, "Look at 'em . . . fools. . . . They're all goin' over to the . . . draft board. . . . We're gonna fight the Eskimos next."

Mr. Salinger is a master of dialogue. He manages to capture the most typical as well as the most interesting and flavorful phrases of speech that are used by people of all ages and in all walks of life. And serious or funny, he never loses the thread of reality. In too brief moments does Mr. Salinger use his ability to be laugh-out-loud funny with his dialogue; but when he does let go and forget the world's problems, he can create the best entertainment in the world. This reader's only wish is that the author would devote himself more to the happier side of life.

LAURA PALMER
Written at Point Loma High School

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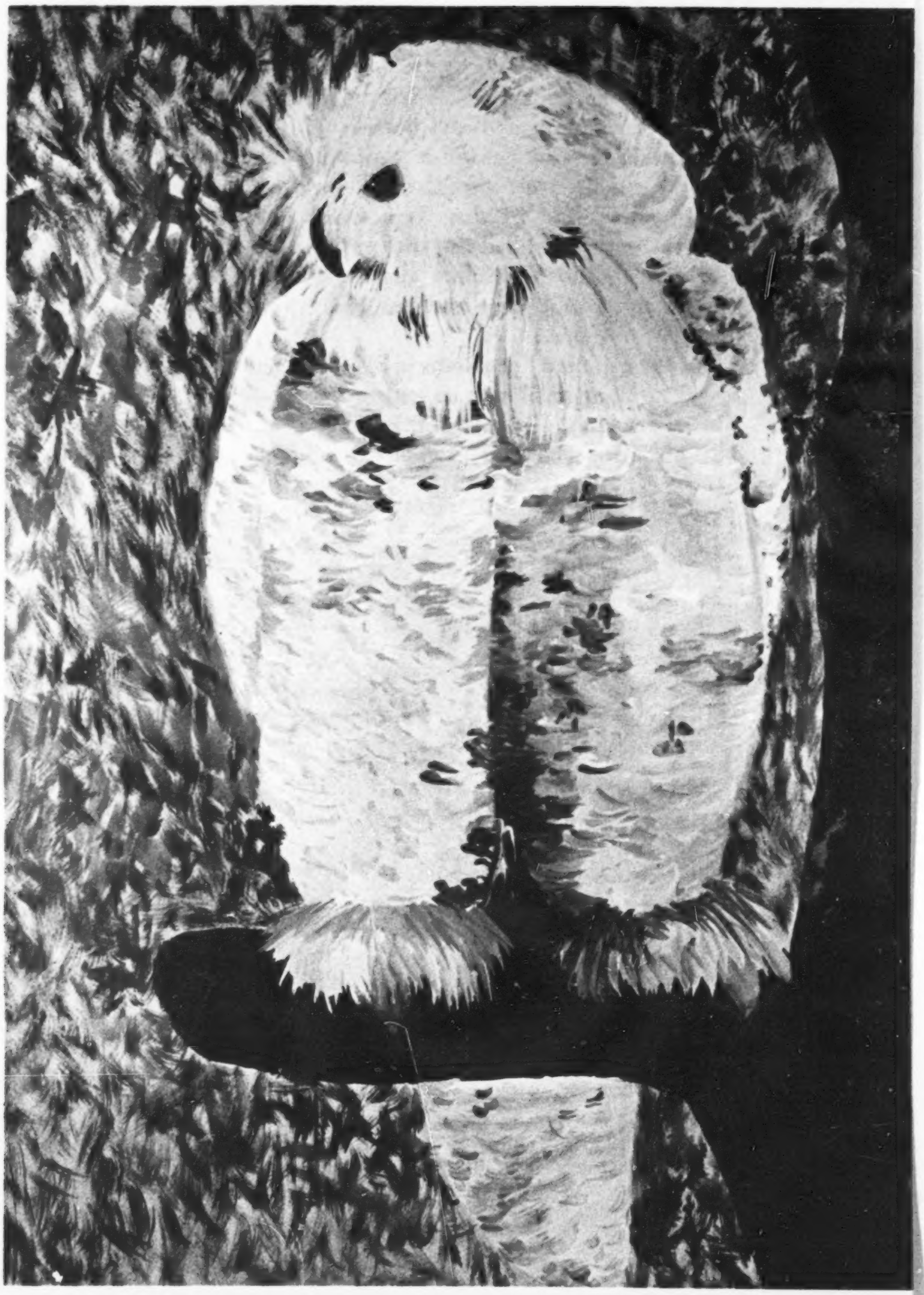
*Seymour Glass is a member of the Glass family — a fictional family that appears in many of Salinger's works. All of the Glasses are geniuses, including Seymour.

WHAT WISE OLD OWL?

Grandma nodded wisely as
She knitted peacefully,
Then turned her head so slightly
As she dropped this pearl for me—
"Always listen well, my dear.
Pay heed to others' speech,
And you will gather knowledge
That the textbooks never teach.
"Because," she said with emphasis,
"The ones who never heed,
But talk a storm instead, why,
They are empty shells indeed."
"But, Grandma, this I want to know—
If gabbers are so lax,
Then what's the use of listening?
I won't learn any facts!"

LAURA PALMER
Written at
Point Loma High School

GINI CHERRY, Crawford High School (tempera)



FORDUS

VULCAN was the least beautiful god on Olympus, but within that misshapen exterior resided the urge to have a beautiful son who would be all that Vulcan was not. He fired his furnace, and, with his finest steel, forged a god and breathed life into him. So was born Fordus, god of the insolent chariot.

Fordus soon held sway over all the earth and chose as his bride Asphalta, goddess of roads. Together these lovers built an empire of superhighways.

Fordus, like Zeus, had a roving eye; and when he saw Germania, his heart burned with passion. He wooed her, and she fell in love with him. The affair was going well until Asphalta saw MG, son of Germania and Fordus. Her wrath knew no bounds. Fordus disliked the sticky mess, so he dissolved Asphalta in gasoline and married Cementium, a more solid type and less likely to melt in the heat of anger.

Fordus had many problems in his earthly empire. It was not long until men no longer worshipped the gods; litterbugs desecrated the highway shrines. The atrocious behavior of man forced Fordus to consult with the Gauges, seers of things past and future. The Gauges told him that he must send down a curse so that man would never forget the power of the gods.

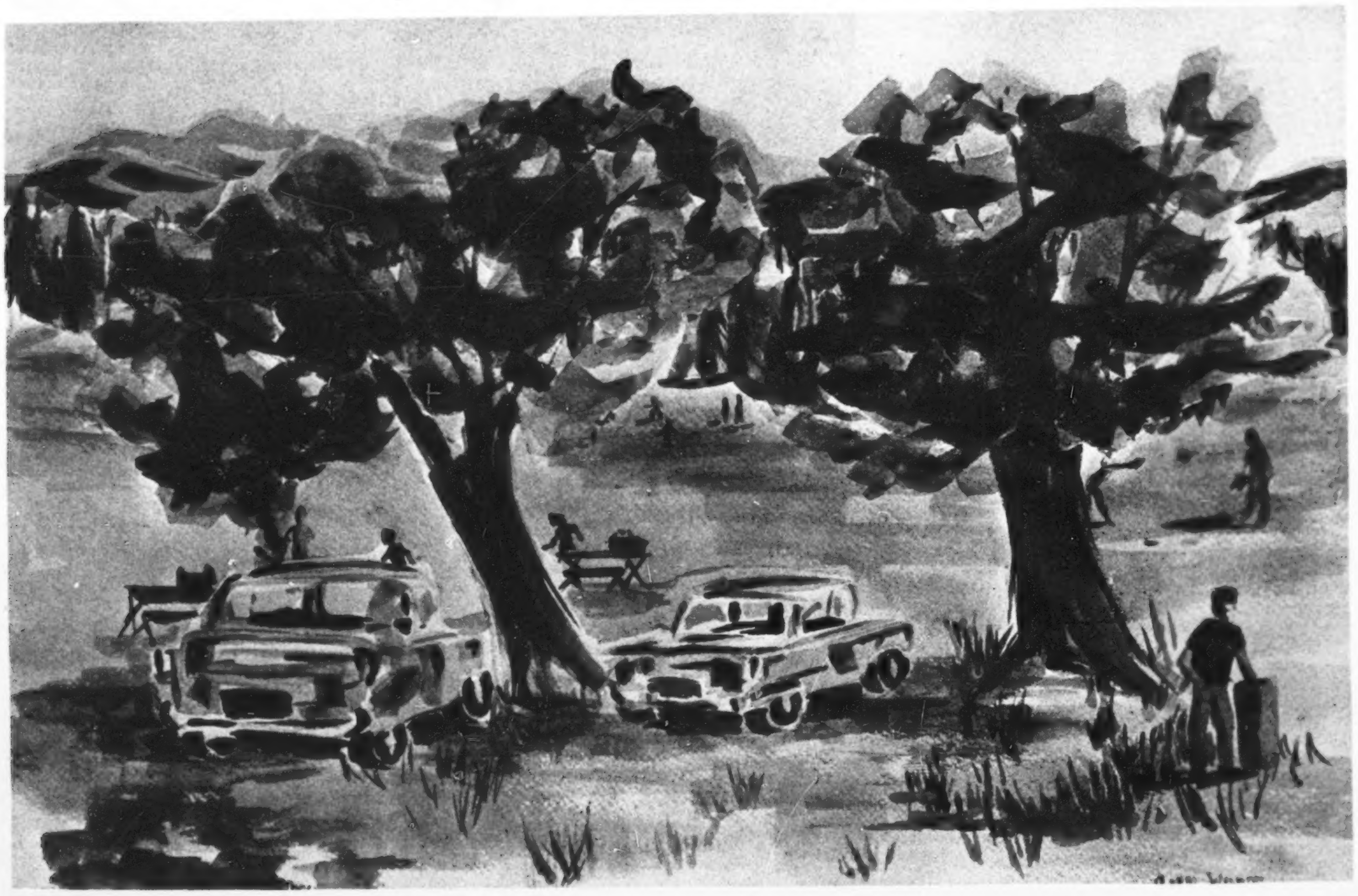
Fordus first went to his father, Vulcan, and had him fashion a beautiful object that all men would desire. Then he took it to Pan who made it fickle. Last of all he gave it cunning so that it could maim and kill men without being destroyed itself. He then sent this thing to earth. All men beheld in wonder the thing that was Car.

Infatuated with its beauty and grace, men passionately longed for the drug of power. Warping the mind, renewing a withered ego, Car made man his own destroyer. Flashing wheels replaced the flashing scythe of the grim reaper. Man, intoxicated and deceived, viewed Car through a rose windshield.

Man still bears the yoke of Fordus and Car, a yoke which harnesses him to envy and self-destruction. Fordus again reigns supreme over the highways.

TOM GETZEN
Written at Mission Bay High School

CAROL WISDOM, Hoover High School (watercolor)



Do-it-Yourself Traffic Statistic

SINCE THIS IS the age of the "do-it-yourselfer," you too will want to learn how to become an instant traffic statistic.

Even a beginning driver will have no trouble in becoming an obituary comment. Just stomp on the gas pedal instead of the brake pedal in a dangerous traffic situation and — surprise — you are a statistic. To improve your chances of becoming a mark in the record book, try driving through a stop sign or a red light without looking, preferably into heavy cross traffic.

When you become a mature citizen of eighteen to twenty-five, unlimited methods to make a traffic statistic out of yourself are available. At this age, the young male driver can have the pleasure of justifying his high insurance rate. The simplest method open to you is speeding beyond the limits of control. Once this is reached, you can run into bridges, drive over cliffs, or even drive under a truck and lose your head without any muss or fuss. Well, maybe a little muss. If you can afford it, a more classical method is going to an all-night party and getting so drunk you brake with the gas pedal and steer with the windshield wipers.

For those unhappy millions who are over twenty-five years old and under sixty, many unique methods of becoming a mark in the mortician's ledger have been devised. One of your best bets is to be overconfident. All you have to do is prove you own the road. Another method which works very well is to be inattentive to what is going on. Just concentrate on your daydreams and you can be the first in your neighborhood to add your carcass to the beef and pork in the truck ahead of you. At nighttime it is even easier. Just fall asleep at the wheel and let come what may.

For those who have been unsuccessful by age sixty, all is not lost. If you are a little old lady, all you have to do is stop for all the birds in the street, and the car behind you will surely be on the back of your neck. If you are a little old man with a hat, just keep on driving after your heart goes bad, and you can spice your coronary attack with an accident. Remember, you are never too old to join the happy club of traffic statistics.

DOUG KING
Written at Point Loma High School

you don't want to walk?

DID YOU EVER complain about having to walk somewhere? I know I have. Even if it was only a short distance, it seemed kind of senseless when there were two cars in the family. And if I couldn't go by car, I'd even consent to ride the bus, as much as I hated it. But more often than not, I'd wind up walking, and loathing it.

Then I went to work in a hospital. It wasn't the kind of hospital most people know about — the kind with doctors and nurses and patients and visitors hustling and bustling around. It was small and quiet with two doctors making daily rounds and two registered nurses and two nurses' aides for every unit. But small as it was, it taught me a lesson because it was a hospital for crippled children, one of the nine in the United States founded by the Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr., Memorial.

The children in this hospital were crippled or retarded, and the impression they left with me will never fade. It is a heart-rending experience to see a child in braces and on crutches fall down and pick himself up without a whimper. Or to see a child who has spent the seven or eight years of his life in bed get up and walk. He may walk slowly and haltingly, but he is walking and that's what counts. It hurts with a hurt that will never die to dress an eight-year old girl who can't dress herself because she has the mentality of a nine-month old baby, or to hold in your arms a four-year old boy who will never grow any bigger, in mind or body.

Naturally, I'd heard of things like this and had seen pictures, like everyone else has. I thought I understood it, too, but the two months I worked in this hospital changed my outlook completely. I never want to hear myself complain again. Surely, we all have problems, but these children had more problems than most of us will ever have, and I never once heard one of them complain. They didn't sit and vegetate either, though. Every waking moment, these children worked to free themselves of their shackles.

JUDITH MORAN
Written at San Diego High School

SOURCES OF AN AMERICAN NOVEL

"RAINTREE COUNTY . . . which had no boundaries in time and space, where lurked musical and strange names and mythical and lost peoples, and which was itself only a name musical and strange. . . ." Thus Ross Lockridge, Jr., describes the background of his novel *Raintree County* in which in one day a half century drifts by for middle-aged John Wycliff Shawnessy. So intense are his memories that the reader becomes a part of Raintree County.

Lockridge writes of events of his youth as if they had taken place where there were "mythical and lost peoples" and "no boundaries of time and space." Such is not the case. His mother, the late Elsie Shockley Lockridge, in an unpublished paper, gave the origin of the characters, the location of Raintree County and the historical background of events as cited in old manuscripts and papers in her possession. According to Mrs. Lockridge, Henry County, Indiana, is the prototype of the fictional Raintree County.

Mrs. Lockridge's paper states that the novel's John Wycliff Shawnessy is in reality Lockridge's grandfather, John Wesley Shockley. In the book, Shawnessy attends Peedee Academy in Waycross. School themes of a relative of Shockley's indicate the actual existence of a Peedee Academy in New Lisbon, Henry County.

The paper goes on to say that the Shawmucky River in the story is in reality the Blue River and that swampy areas and Indian mounds do exist in Henry County, Indiana. The National Road running through the imaginary town of Freehaven is now U.S. 40, which runs through the town of New Castle in Henry County.

Specific situations related in the novel were actual historical events in Henry County between 1884 and 1892. Among these are the burning of the courthouse, the mad woman of the woods who frightened inhabitants by appearing naked, the phrenologist who told Shawnessy that the lump at the back of his neck indicated a full love life, and the Sanitary Societies to aid Civil War soldiers.

Aside from the account of Mr. Lockridge's mother, the most interesting document showing the relationship between truth and fiction is *An Illustrated Historical Atlas of Raintree County Indiana 1875*, which is the link between the adult Shawnessy and his youthful recollections. This atlas is almost an exact duplicate of the *Henry County Atlas 1875* in measurement, illustration, and content.

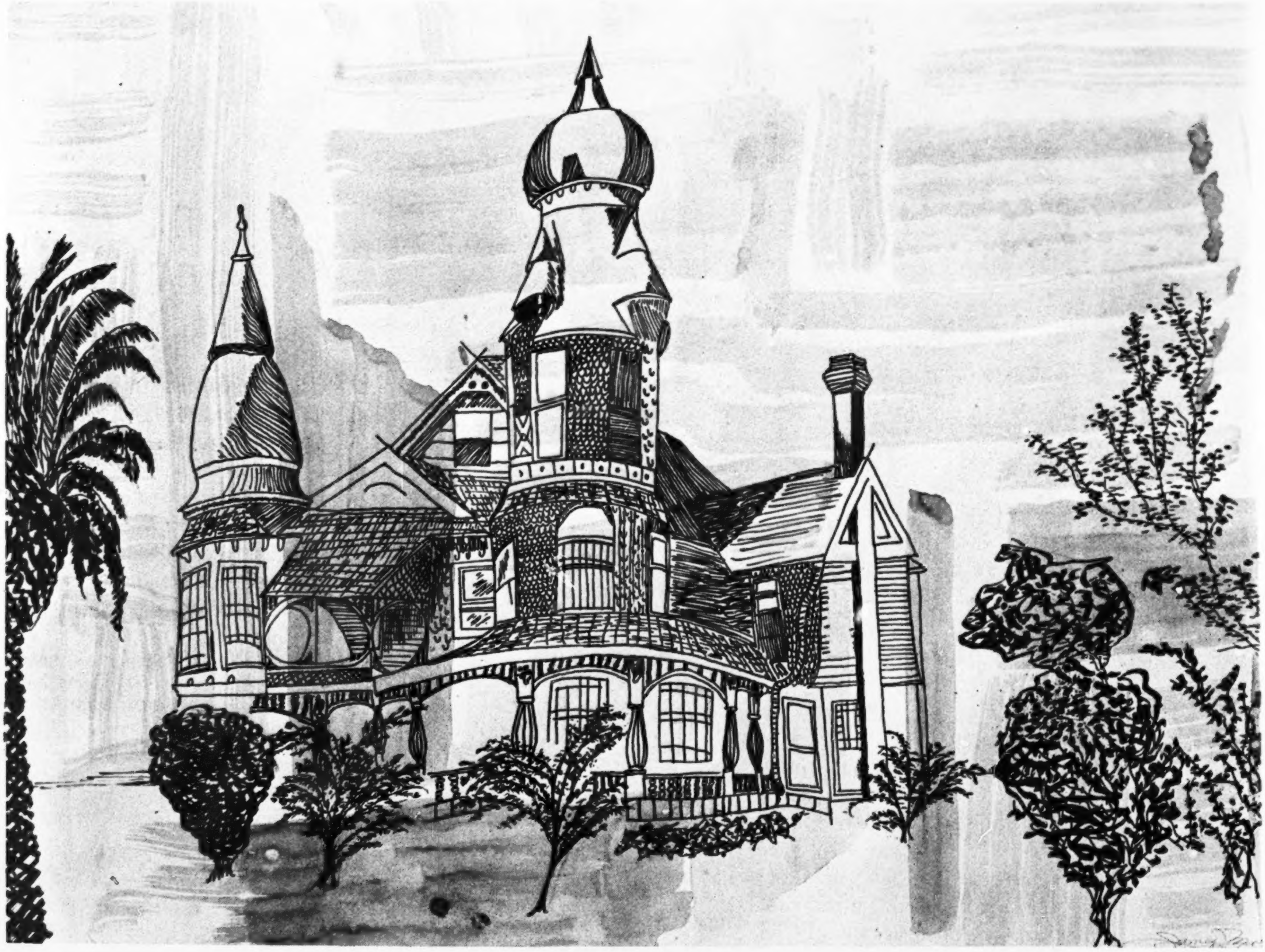
The raintree which plays a symbolic part in the book has an interesting history. *The Story of Indiana* by Ross F. Lockridge and Herbert L. Heller (my father) describes a colony founded by Robert Owen in New Harmony as a "social state of ideal perfection." In 1827 one of the colony members sent seeds from China to be planted along the entry to the MacClure-Owen estate, and within a few years the raintree with its graceful branches of golden flowers and dust spread throughout the town. Today the trees are honored in July or August by a pageant. The script for the original pageant was written by Lockridge's father. The tree itself is a symbol both in the story of Raintree County and in modern day living. "It seems a fitting symbol of the golden urgency of fair ideals that never die."

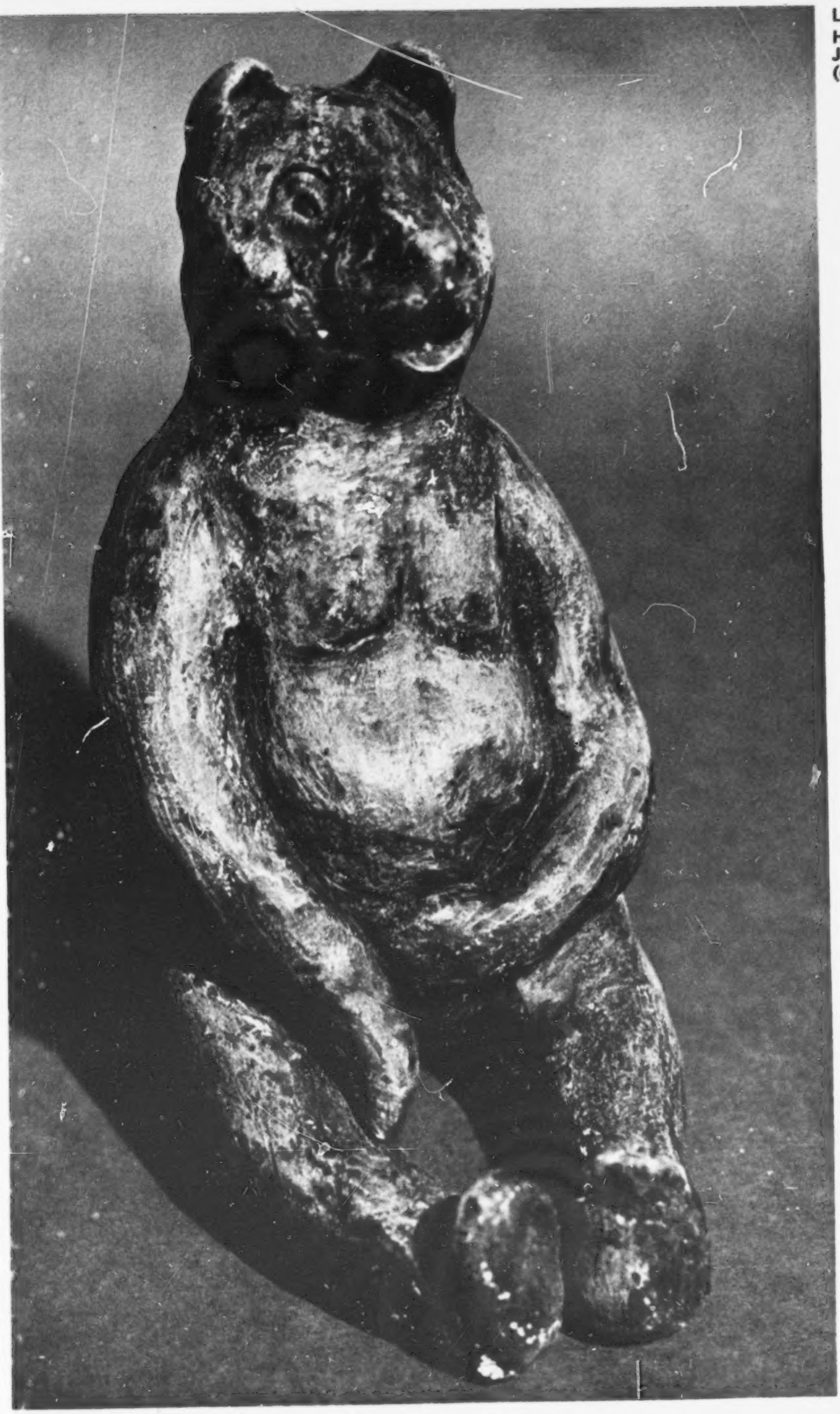
This "golden urgency" of the closeness of man and nature is apparent in the opening of the book with the nude reclining woman and is emphasized on the book jacket where the hills of Raintree County are in the same outline. At the very end of the story, at the bottom of the page, is what appears to be a scribble. In reality these are the initials "J.W.S." which oddly enough exactly correspond with the course taken by the river in Raintree County. Man is nature, and nature is man; they were created by the same hand — the hand of God.

But these intense and poignant memories did occur in a Raintree County which did have "boundaries in time and space" and real, not "mythical peoples."

CAROL HELLER
Written at Point Loma High School

JAMES MEINTZ, O'Farrell Junior High School (ink and watercolor)





LYNDA GALLADORA
Horace Mann
Junior High School
(ceramic)

Nobody cares about
anything at all;
Each winds his ego
Into a self-centered ball.

BETTY J. GREENWOOD
Written at
Crawford High School

THE KOALA BEAR

Koala Bear with round snub nose,
Panda pucker and playful pose,
Padded paws and darting eyes,
Fat, plump belly and happy sighs,
Australian fancies and mischievous
traits,
Koala Bear swagger and lazy gait
Delights the children in our zoo,
Delights Australian children too.

SHARON SOSNA
Written at Marston
Junior High School

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Warrior for a Day

THE SHORT, firecracker-like sounds were increasing in their repetitions.

"Probably just some kids out spending a premature 4th of July," I thought. But, staring around the gray, bush-strewn landscape of country canyons and dusty mesas, I could see nothing of those kids. "Really nothing to worry about. Wish one of the guys was with me, though."

Now the crackling was driving me crazy. Its origin was still a mystery. "What'd those guys do—smuggle a crate of those things in from T.J.?" The firing was reaching a fever pitch. The series of reports, strangely enough, reminded me of a wolf pack on the trail of some unfortunate quarry.

"The pack's closing in. Huh! What am I saying! Don't give in. Boy! I've got the presence of mind of a rabbit with a wolf on its tail."

Zing! This was no firecracker.

"What the - - -? They aren't shooting at me, are they?" *Shooting??* Spatt! Another bullet tore a wound in the unfeeling sod not twenty feet from me. Diving frantically from my concealment, I scrambled with my heart in my throat. The way I was gasping, I thought I had choked on it. I saw a stand of manzanita, and drilled myself in deep.

"T-that's funny, they keep shooting at the same spot. I guess I'm safe for the moment. I — oh, no!"

The ominous warning of a large rattler filled the air, denoting that its owner shared my sanctuary with me. I was really flying when I willed my hideout to the venomous reptile.

"How on earth did this happen to me, of all people? I have all the luck."

I slowed down to a fast run.

"Just think. A quarter of an hour ago I was alone, rid of all the evils and traps of civilization, and now *this*."

Digging my heels into the earth, I arrived at another stand of trees, eucalyptus this time.

"Heaven be thanked. I can climb these." Like a wilderness bred anthropoid, I clambered up the leafy giant. I stopped to think, to calculate, to plan my escape. Then the paralysis of pure terror engulfed me. "What if they get me? I don't want to die. Who will tell my family? I won't let them. They won't get me. I'll fight."

I then realized that I still had my pack strapped on. It was a deadly business, removing my pack, fifty feet above the ground.

Ten minutes later, after much improvising, I held in my hands the fruit of my labors: a makeshift sling, made from the leather laces of my hiking boots, and a pouch for it, tediously cut from the sheath of my hatchet.

"This isn't much against guns, but it's better than nothing."

With what I thought was the cunning and stealth of a wild beast, I stole down the tree.

"Now, whoever you are, I'm gonna give it to *you*."

I started to rotate the sling as I heard the approach of many beings. I caught the blur of movement. And then I, the great and mighty hunter, chickened out, and with my "cold feet" carrying me as fast as they could, I virtually flew over the rugged terrain.

Looking back most of the way, I was completely in shock and surprise when my breath was forced out of me by a power much greater than my own.

"What on earth . . .?" I regarded my opponent.

"Oh, my Lord, not *that!*"

My conqueror was nothing but a sign, saying: "MARINE RIFLE RANGE, DANGER, KEEP OFF!"

An hour later, after experiencing a military version of the third degree, I was escorted to my front door. Somehow, death would have been an easier way out. Now, I had to tell my family.

PETE BERG
Written at Taft Junior High School

My Writing in Relation to My Reading Habits

or

MY TRUE CONFESSION

IN THE UNCOMPLICATED and naive days of the *First-Grade Primer* (Look at the ball. The ball goes far.) the reading habits of today's high school students began to form. By the fourth grade, teachers had started pupils on those fun compositions, book reports. Exempt from individual interpretation, these first reports requested the standard answers and a summary of the exciting plot. If the student had a dislike for English and was clever enough, a report might be good for two or three years. When the eighth-grade book report quota became the heaviest burden for science-minded students, many developed ingenious skills such as inventing titles and plots for as-yet unpublished books. These facts, from the "Uninterested-in-English Student Handbook," may be stated openly because of their familiarity to teachers.

Reviewing my reading and writing background, I find that I too fell victim to some of the tempting shortcuts. With the "do-just-enough-to-get-by" attitude, I rationalized that my hollow reading lists would somehow be sufficient. This type of reasoning did suffice until I started enjoying the books on the recommended lists. Then, and only then, did it seem plausible that the analysis of books could be a pleasure rather than something to be dreaded. I discovered the subtle humor, symbols, and satire in books which I had previously passed over. Also, reports which had seemed so standardly drab could be brightened with personal criticism and interpretation. A change in my thinking had finally occurred.

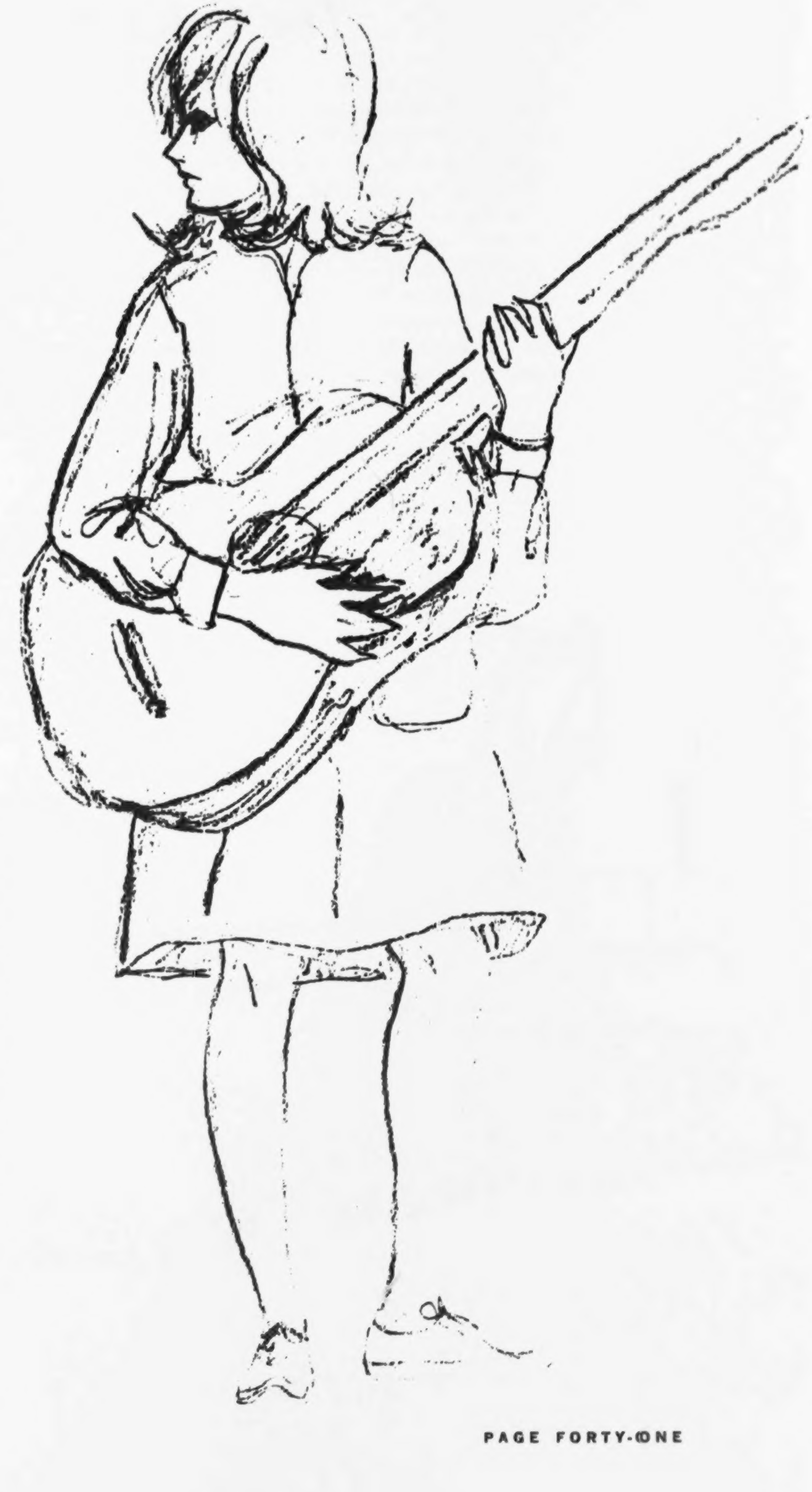
I also found this new approach to print could be applied to newspapers and magazines. No longer were the comic strips, advice to the lovelorn columns, pictures, and football standings the limit of my newspaper interest. Instead of just looking at the headlines, I began reading the stories under them. Strangely, articles and editorials in magazines had always been of interest to me. This was in part due to the fact that anything to do with medicine intrigued me. Whenever I could find some sort of progress report or articles dealing with new discoveries, I would read it in hopes that it would further my knowledge of the medical professions.

Now, with one more year of high school and then college ahead, I think the wall between books and me has been torn down. No longer am I fighting the authors, the teachers, and the typewriter. I see more clearly that while writing about books, one can mix analysis with imagination when interpreting "deep, dark, double meanings." Because an essay is concerned with a particular book or books, it should not limit the writer's creativeness.

Therefore, I do hereby confess to having been a sinful English student in the past. And with new aspirations for the future, I promise to throw away all of my fourth-grade book reports.

CAROLE BATTAGLIA
Written at Mission Bay High School

COLLEEN DUKE
Kearny High School
(pencil)



CONCERT

ONCE AS I WAS sitting in a concert, with my eyes out of focus in a deep daze, a glittering, bobbing dot vibrated on the stage in the distance. I came back to earth, hypnotized by the pendulum motion of the light, and figured out that it was a dangling diamond earring bobbing furiously up and down in time to the music as its wearer sawed exuberantly away at her fiddle. Through the rest of the concert I was spellbound and fascinated, not only by the dancing diamond but also by the seam ripping in the conductor's jacket. Every movement of his widespread arms brought a spontaneous tear to the ripping tuxedo. Spurred on by my new-found hobby, I looked at the stage floor and saw, among assorted legs and music stands, the tapping tennis shoe of the drum player. The cello player was mouthing the words to the Chopin prelude; the flutist was mopping his brow with a bright red bandana handkerchief; the harpist was chewing gum; and as the soloist reappeared for her encore number, I noticed under her full-length formal that she was barefoot. As for me, I was stifling sobs of laughter when I saw one of the trumpet players asleep.

LAURA TIPPETTS
Written at
Mission Bay High School

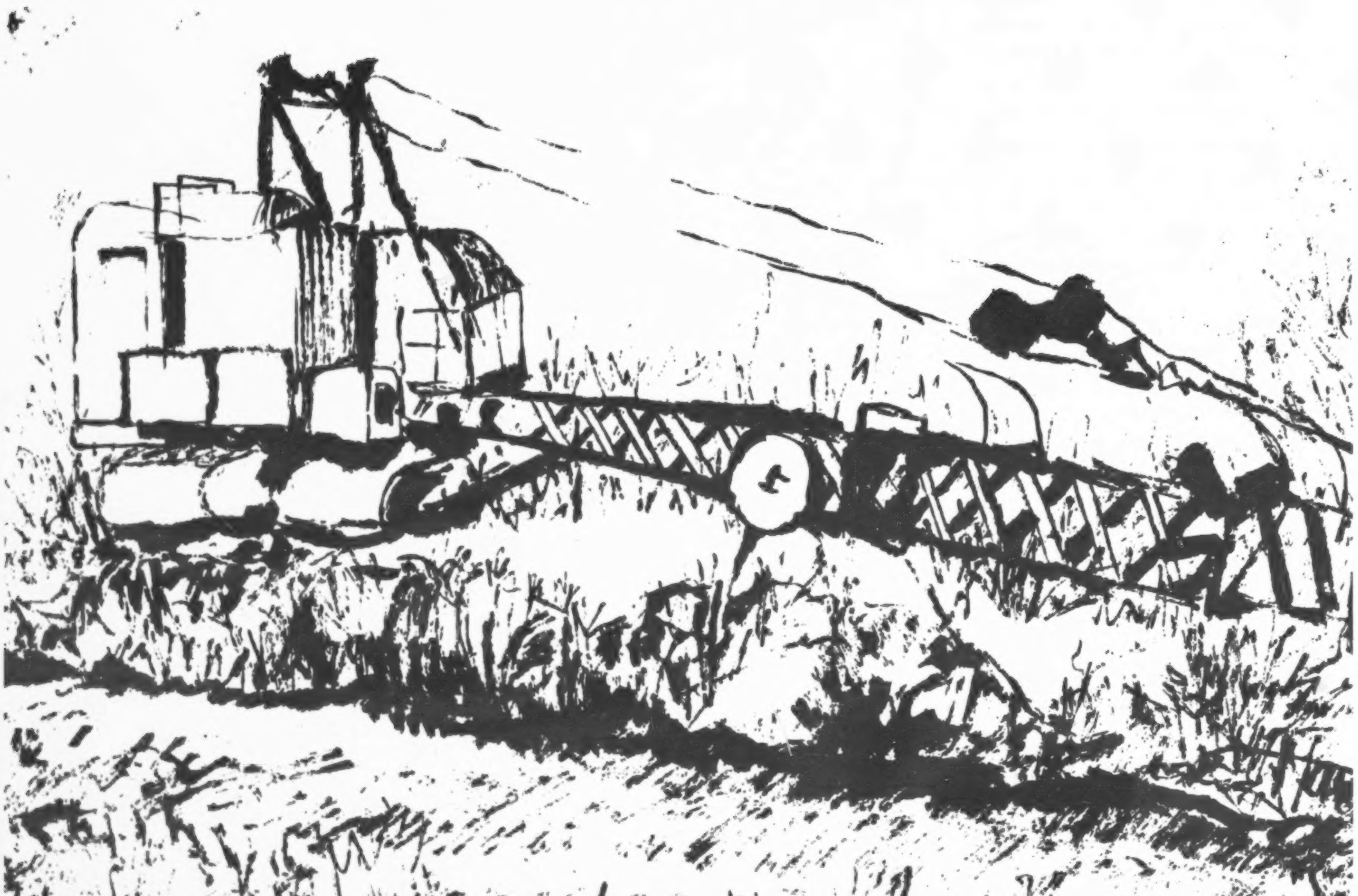
The Color Brown

DESCRIBE THE color brown to you, a man blind from birth? The task seems almost impossible, but I will do my best. Take my hand and follow me into this field of freshly plowed dark brown earth. If you breathe deeply now you will be able to smell brown, for the color brown is the smell of freshly turned earth. Bend down and scoop up a handful of this damp dirt. Now run it through your fingers and you can feel its coolness and roughness. The feel of this fresh dirt, then, is also brown. If you would like to taste brown, we will walk over to a farmer who has plowed his field and ask him if he has a potato. If he does, I will give you a piece of it to eat, for the taste of a piece of raw potato, grown in the damp earth which you smelled and felt, is the taste of brown.

My friend, the smell of freshly plowed earth, its feeling as you run it through your fingers, and the taste of a piece of raw potato are brown.

ROCHELLE BRACK
Written at Mission Bay High School

DARIAN POWELL, Mission Bay High School (ink)



RESISTENTIALISM

IT'S LATE AT NIGHT (or early in the morning), and you have just finished your homework. The other members of the family have been snug in their beds, sound asleep, for hours; therefore, it is necessary that you be as quiet as possible about getting ready for bed. You turn off the study lamp. As you make your way toward the bathroom, in the dark an unidentifiable object suddenly jumps in your path. The force of your advancing foot sends this object against the wall. Loudly. So loudly, in fact, that your father groans, and turns in his sleep. After shuddering eloquently, you examine the object as much as is possible in the dark. It is your shoe. "Impossible!" you exclaim inwardly. "My shoe wasn't in the center of the room. How did it get here?"

I'll tell you. It literally *jumped* in front of you.

In the bathroom, as you wash, the soap leaps from your hands; it seems to gain weight in mid-air, because it crashes to the floor. You are ready to leave the bathroom; as an afterthought (oh, regrettable afterthought!) you pull down the window shade. Like all window shades late at night, it springs from your hand and wraps itself around the roll with a resounding snap. At this point you shudder again; if your parents should awaken, glance at the clock, and sense that you're still up, you've had it! As you pass through the doorway, the doorknob thrusts itself inside your sleeve; the motion of your arm effects a swift follow-through, and there is a thunderous crash as your sleeve pulls the door shut. Now *both* parents groan, mutter, and toss in their sleep. On your way to bed the floor squeaks, and the bed creaks and sighs.

Unfortunate accidents, you say? Hah! Those "accidents" were deliberate, I tell you! Not on your part, of course, but rather on the part of the objects involved. You see, I have this theory. Inanimate objects, the hateful things, are in league against humanity. These objects, created by and therefore the property of man, bitterly resent their captive state and avenge themselves when it is especially inconvenient to their owners. The scientific term for the motion of inanimate objects is "telekinesis"; but since I am describing deliberate, vengeful actions, I call my theory Resistentialism. Impossible, you scoff? Absurd that a dead, innocent-looking "thing" should maliciously strike out against its user?

Stop and think for a moment. Remember the morning that you were late getting ready for school? Remember what happened as you took that last swallow of cocoa? That's right. Only it wasn't an accident; that cocoa *jumped* out of the cup and plunged down the front of you. On purpose. And then when you went to the closet to change clothes (remember the tangled hangers?), you found that the only clean, matching outfit was lying unironed in the laundry basket. And remember what happened after you ironed the clothes and put them on hangers? Uh-huh. They slithered to the floor. And when you dressed (again), you must have noticed that two buttons had escaped from your clothes.

You still doubt the credibility of Resistentialism? When you've been up late with homework and you have only four hours to sleep, how about that pillow that suddenly develops *rigor mortis?* When you finally reach the head of the line and you've got ten books to check out, what about the library card that "was there a minute ago"? When you're between classes, how about the notebook that suddenly decides to collapse, scattering papers to the wind? When you're walking down the hall and you turn your head to say "hello" to Someone Special, what about that trash can that jumps in front of you?

Accident? All right, if you insist, but I'd chalk it up to Resistentialism.

MERRIE BILBEN
Written at Mission Bay High School

follow the trend
or
forgeteverythingyouhavelearnedandfullspeedahead

ever since the beginning of chirography students of grammar have studied the art of punctuation including such things as the subordinate phrase and the non restrictive appositive and the rules of capitalization concerning the differences between West or west and Mother or mother and other acutely significant rules and regulations literary individualists are now giving birth to new styles which will result in the simplification of writing by omitting all punctuation and capitalization both authors and readers can devote their full time to content no doubt in the near future there will be a completelackofspacingbetweenwords sentencesandparagraphs this would mean a complete revolutionizing of the typewriter industry and vast amounts of money plastics and metals would be saved by omitting the space bars on the machines pages of unvaried lines would frighten most readers so many writers will probably animate their pages with

unusual typographical arrangements

more and more prominent writers such as e e cummings and the late william faulkner have abandoned the confining regulations it remains to be seen if these modern concepts will be universally accepted however it is highly improbable since there will always be some purists such as high school english teachers who will uphold the archaic conventions of the english language.

CAROL HELLER
Written at Point Loma High School

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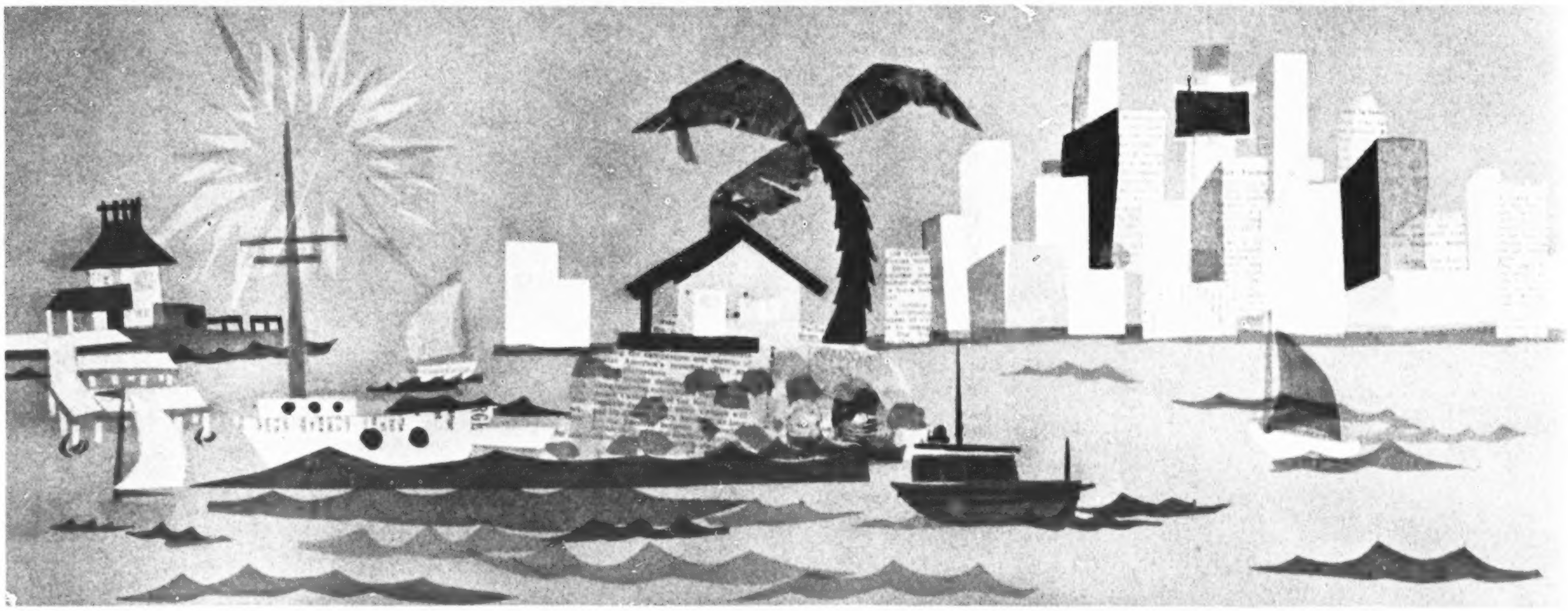
MIRROR

A leopard
Gazing into
A clear pool
Of water
Exclaimed,
"I have seen Truth
And, oh, what lovely
Spots she has."

RAE ARMANTROUT
Written at Hoover High School

Ignorance begets ignorance.
Unknowing becomes uncaring;
And those who live in it
Pass from one black night
To the next, their minds forever
Hidden to the beauty of thought.

EDMUND W. MILAND III
Written at Morse High School

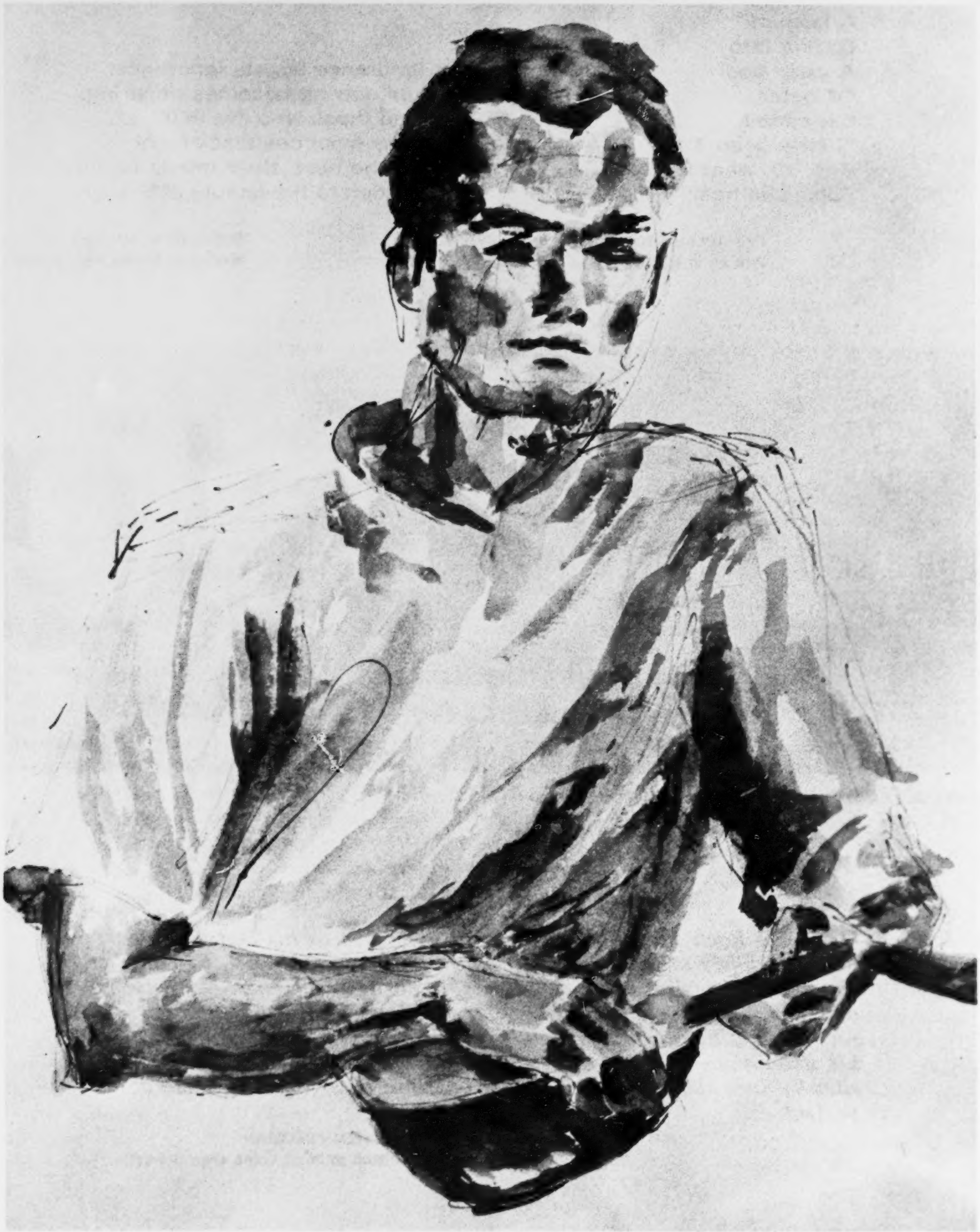


ANN AGUILERA, Point Loma High School (collage)

THE HIGH DIVE

He is up! Each fiber of every muscle is tensed as his body bends forward deftly at the waist. With infinite grace and skill, he contracts his limbs into a tight ball. As he plunges ever more swiftly downward, his tucked figure, silhouetted against a light blue sky, revolves with extraordinary agility on an imaginary axis through his abdomen — once, twice, three times. He sails smoothly and silently into the glassy pool, his execution of a triple somersault perfect.

STEPHEN FREDMAN
Written at Point Loma High School



JAN RABORN, Crawford High School (watercolor)

one summer day

PEGGY LOOKED UP to see a chubby little sparrow through her open bedroom window. With a long sigh she climbed out of bed. Dressing in a red checked blouse, ancient jeans, and slightly worn canvas sneakers, she ran through the house, picking up a slice of dry bread while giving her mother a light peck on the cheek, and raced through the kitchen door.

Hurrying up a hill, she stuffed her partially-eaten slice of bread into her blouse pocket. The run downhill was so swift and easy that she hardly noticed when she came to the woods—her destination. Here she was at home, her home away from home.

She wondered what the boys at Tunlaw High would say if they saw her now. Peggy gave a nervous giggle. They'd probably say that she was unfeminine or something. But what right had they to say such a thing?

"Forget it, Peg," she told herself, "you're you and no one else can make that statement. All that matters *now* is to have a good time before the summer is through!" She knew that she had not convinced her mind, but she had convinced her heart. She felt slightly guilty for having talked to herself.

As the brook ran past her feet, something inside her compelled her to run also, and run Peg did. Tired, she stopped and made herself a chain of flowers, but once done, she realized that it was too lovely to wear. Not that her craftsmanship was glamorous, although it certainly was praiseworthy. But the forest seemed so helplessly bare once it was stripped of its blooms. Somewhat ashamed, she gently tossed the wreath into the bubbling stream. Feeling the cool water gush over her hot and sore hands, she whisked off her shoes and rolled up her jeans, stepping gingerly into the freezing water. Immediately cold, she stepped out of the water and snuggled close to a large tree.

Sitting very still, she could see many things that she otherwise would have missed. Peg half wished to see a doe, but she knew it was too close to the edge of the woods for deer. A faint twitter at her feet startled her. An extremely small sparrow was almost touching her. It looked much like the one that she had seen that morning, but it seemed thinner.

Peggy yearned to say: "I wish I could help you, Little One." But she was afraid that the sparrow would frighten easily. She remembered her dry crust of bread. Slowly Peggy pulled it out of her pocket. Peg knew that if she threw the bread she would frighten the bird. She crumbled the bread quickly and edged away, dropping the bread crumbs.

As she made her way through the forest she wondered if such a day would ever come back to her again. Not that the day was spectacular. Peg even wondered if it was too feeble a day to record. This day, strange as it was, left her with a greater sense of belonging, a greater sense of calmness than she had ever felt before. That, she figured, was why this day was so . . . so . . . indescribable.

When her feet touched the familiar hill, Peg heard a motherly voice calling her. Tired as she was. Peggy ran up the slope with amazing energy.

"Where were you?" To Peg it was a routine question.

"I met the most interesting sparrow." Peg's eyes were merry. Her mother eyed her quizzically and Peg, not wanting to answer any questions, quickly changed the subject: "What's for dinner? I'm *famished!*"

Her mother answered, but Peg didn't listen. Her mind still whispered: "I'm only fifteen, but I'm in love." And she was in love, as everyone is sooner or later with Nature, all because of a wonderful day . . . and a slightly hungry sparrow.

SILVIA COOPER
Written at Montgomery Junior High School

HER SECRET WITH THE EARTH

SHE STOPPED and kicked open the gate with the toe of her worn sneaker. She looked out upon the vast sea of corn and sighed. She laid down the books she had brought home from school. This was a world all her own. Here amid the towering stalks of corn, she was free to think of days gone by and days to come, to think about herself and what she wanted out of life. This was her refuge. Here she knew she could come with her thoughts and not be disturbed. The tall, waving stalks of corn would not reveal her secrets.

The sun shone brightly above. It was almost noon, and the sun was reaching its zenith. She glanced at the sky and winced as its bright light temporarily blinded her. She wiped her forehead with a damp hand and kicked off her sneakers. She toyed with her toenails, then stretched out on her back. Slowly she raised herself up on her elbows, then she leaned forward. She watched a grasshopper stumble across her stubby toes. A fly hummed in the air above her head and softly flitted down to settle on her bare shoulder. A breeze ruffled her hair, and she halfheartedly tried to straighten it.

Then she remembered what she had come here to do. She got out a pencil and paper and started to write. She had been thinking about it all day. She knew exactly what she wanted to say. Yet, somehow, when she wrote it, the words didn't sound right. She ripped it up and started over again. It was better this time and she decided to keep it. She wrote on, sometimes crossing out, sometimes making corrections. She wrote everything, just as she felt it — all about the night she had come home and found Mom crying. She wrote what Mom had said to her, and she knew in her heart that she would always remember it. Then, when it was finished, she dug a hole in the soft, brown earth. The soil yielded easily and it wasn't hard to dig. This earth was her heritage — the past, the present, the future. She dropped the paper in and carefully filled the hole. Now it was her secret with the earth. No one would find it here. It would be absorbed into nothingness.

Suddenly she doubled over and with her head touching her knees she did what she had wanted to do for a long time. She cried!

SUSIE WELLS
Written at Crawford High School

♁

ANT

CONSIDER the lowly ant: an infinitesimal creature of almost no importance to you . . . a tiny, delicate insect, completely defenseless against your overpowering might. In this ant's eyes, your towering body stretches into infinity. He cannot even imagine your tremendous size. You are lord over him as he walks across your path. You have the power to crush his brittle body with your little finger. You have the power to snuff out his life, a life which has no bearing on your everyday cares.

Look out beyond you. . . . Look out into the never-ending vastness of emptiness. Compare your size with that of something much larger than you are, say, a "gigantic" tree. Now compare this tree with a "huge" mountain, and compare that mountain to the entire earth. Compare earth with our solar system, and our solar system with the entire Milky Way galaxy. Now compare that small galaxy with the whole universe. Consider space. . . . Look out into the never-ending vastness of emptiness. Remember, you are back there on earth — tiny, microscopic earth. How do you compare? . . . Watch where *you* step, ant.

BOB BONDURANT
Written at Point Loma High School

EMIL

WE ALL WANTED to help Emil Ben-David. He was so very lonely. But, somehow, none of us were ever able to talk to him, or to be his friend. He was too different.

When I knew him, he was about seventeen, not tall, but rather good-looking in a rather delicate sort of way. A very quiet boy, he was never very strong and always just a little too thin. His straight, unruly black hair was forever in his eyes. He had a habit of running his fingers through it during a test. When we looked straight at him, the light in his calm, gray eyes seemed to glow brightly for a moment and then suddenly grow dim, as intangible shadows flickered quickly over his white face, making him look years older than he was. He was always haunted by those dark ghosts of pain and hunger, and the terrible grief which had been his burden for six long, hopeless years.

He seldom spoke to us, although he seemed to want to be friendly. He had come to America only the year before. Now, in a strange country, struggling with a difficult language and unfamiliar customs, he felt too unsure of himself to do more than just smile uncertainly when we waved to him in the halls at school.

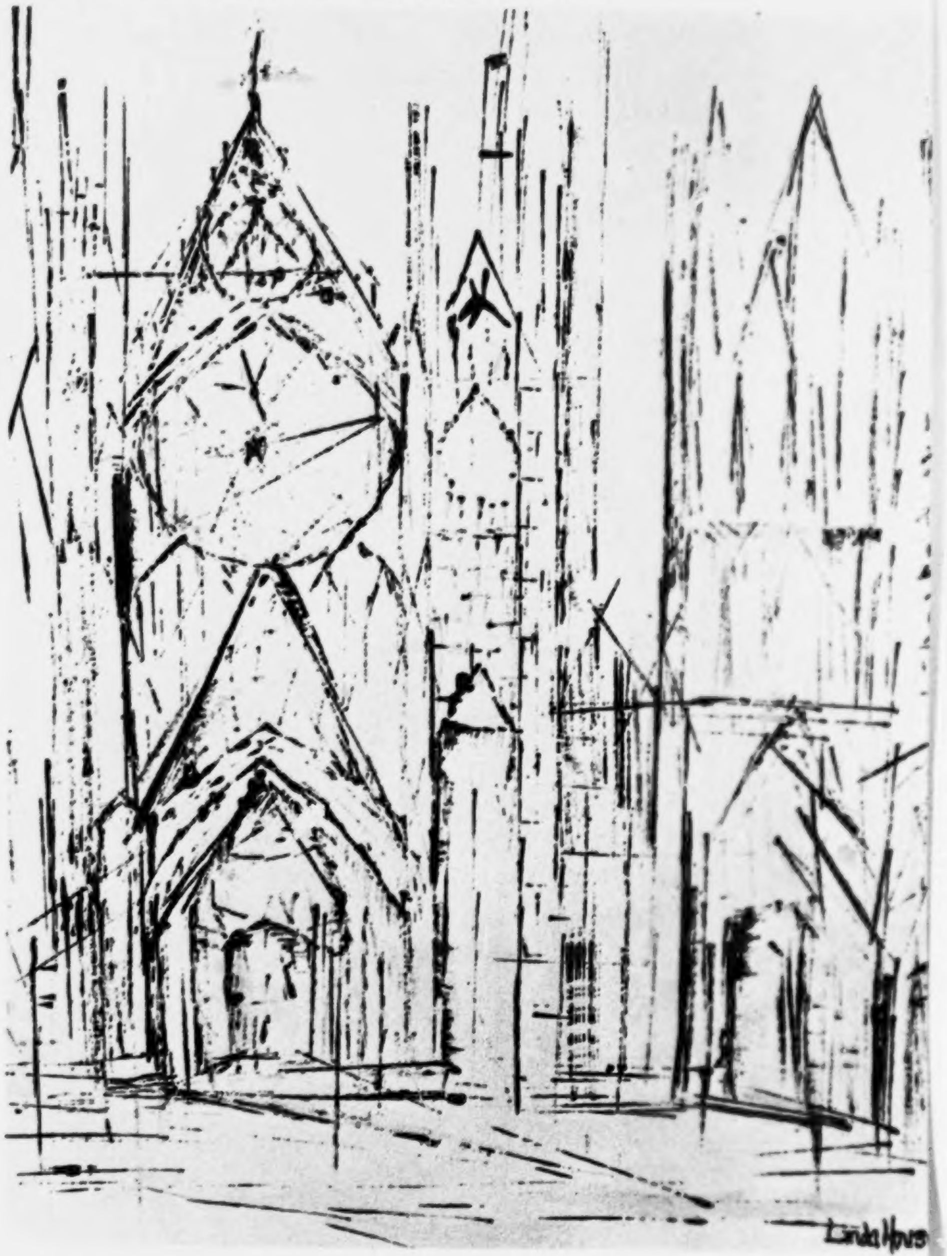
Emil was one of the most courteous boys I have ever known. He had none of that awkward self-consciousness which so often marks our American boys. Once, when I had a heavy load of books, Emil stood aside and held the door open for me. He did this so quietly, and with such natural grace, that no one noticed this unusual act or thought of teasing him for it.

Emil was badly handicapped in school by his language problem, and even more by his having been forced, because of the war, to leave school at the age of ten. In spite of this, he made fairly good grades. After he graduated from high school, he went on to study psychology at a nearby college. In his sophomore year there, he was killed in an automobile accident.

I think we all felt a little guilty, then. There seemed to be so much we could have done — so many things we'd never even tried.

SANDRA LEE DUTKY
Written at Crawford High School

LINDA HOUSEKNEHT, Crawford High School (ink)



MELISSA HATCHER, Point Loma High School (watercolor)

metaphor

A pebble
drops into a placid pool:

Tiny waves
move across the reflection
and spread in wide arcs.

A notion
disturbs the mind:

Man ponders and forgets.

BRIGIT BROWN
Written at La Jolla High School

waterplay

I walk on slippery rock with prudent foot
And splash the air with drops of silver spray—
A million missiles launched by five wet toes.

I put an icy-water anklet on
And wear a liquid slipper as I walk—
A Cinderella-shoe of water-glass.

I sink beneath the flowing stream
And let the child within come out to play,
The soul within come out to breathe.

JAMI SELBY
Written at La Jolla High School

THE LITTLE PRINCE

by Antoine de Saint-Exupery

"IT IS ONLY with the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye." The little prince saw with his heart. He was born on asteroid B-612, a small planet with only three knee-high volcanoes (one of them extinct) and a rose with four thorns. He loved his planet dearly, but a time came when he decided to visit other worlds. On the first six planets he visited, the little prince found six different kinds of grown-ups: a king, to whom all men were subjects; a conceited man, to whom all men were admirers; a tippler, who drank to forget that he was ashamed of drinking; a businessman, who dealt only with "matters of consequence"; a geographer, who knew where everything was but could not appreciate its beauty; and on the smallest planet, a lamplighter. To the little prince, the lamplighter was the only sensible person he encountered. " 'When he lights his street lamp, it is as if he brought one more star to life, or one flower. When he puts out his lamp, he sends the flower, or the star, to sleep. That is a beautiful occupation. And since it is beautiful, it is truly useful.' "

The seventh planet was Earth. This "was not just an ordinary planet! One could count there 111 kings, 7,000 geographers, 900,000 businessmen, 7,500,000 tipplers, 311,000,000 conceited men — that is to say, about 2,000,000,000 grown-ups." All these grown-ups were once children, but few of them remember it. On Earth, however, the little prince found hope, for here he found Saint-Exupery, who saw with his heart and judged himself. "That is the most difficult thing of all. . . . If you succeed in judging yourself rightly, then you are indeed a man of true wisdom."

Saint-Exupery longs for the independence and truth he mirrors in the little prince and sees reflected in all children. It is only the child who knows what he is looking for. Men set out on their way as if in some great haste, but they do not know for what they search. Then they rush around and get excited, and it is not worth the trouble. Grown-ups are too concerned with facts and figures; they never penetrate man's shadowy exterior. The thing that is important is the thing that is not seen. An entire garden of roses is beautiful, but it is empty. One could not die for it. If you have "tamed" a rose, made it your friend through loving attention, then "it is unique in all the world," for it is *your* rose. You can say proudly, as the little prince does, "I am responsible for *my* rose."

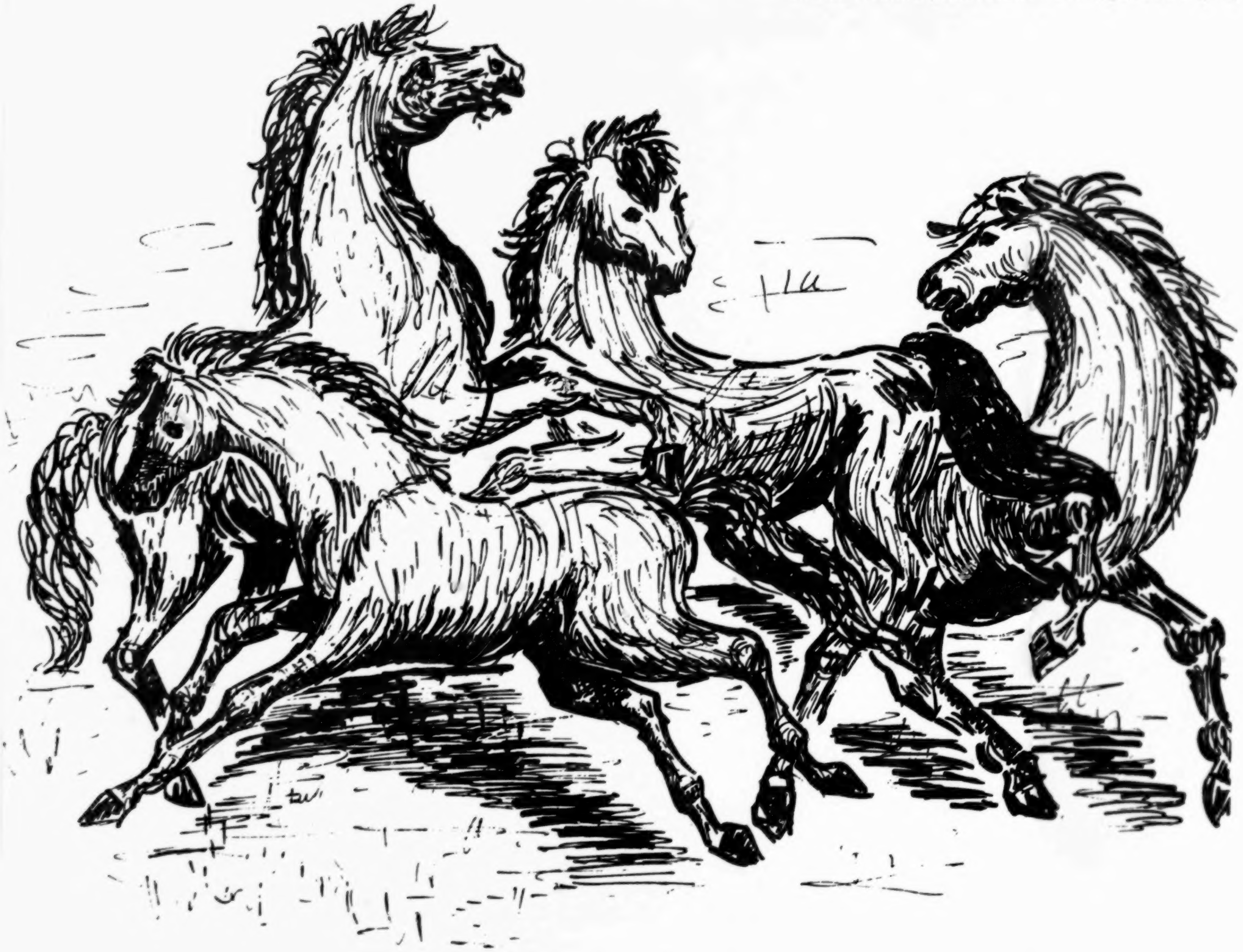
Saint-Exupery wrote *The Little Prince* using only the simplest of words, the language of children. One cannot realize the entire significance of his other works, *Night Flight* and *Wind, Sand, and Stars*, until he has read this "children's story." The author makes his real appeal to the older reader, and to him, through the little prince, leaves this present and promise of hope:

> All men have the stars . . . but they are not the same things for different people. For some, who are travelers, the stars are guides. For others, they are no more than little lights in the sky. For others, who are scholars, they are problems. For my businessman, they were wealth. But all these stars are silent. You — you alone — will have the stars as no one else has them. . . .

If only a grown-up "will ever understand that this is a matter of much importance!"

SALLY WALDRON
Written at Point Loma High School

MARY THOMAS, Roosevelt Junior High School (ink)



M. THOMAS

QUININE

THE FIRST TIME I saw him he was standing in the hot sun, his cracked hooves resting in the parched dust of the paddock. To my casual first glance he was only an old horse, broken-down and ruined. His head hung dejectedly down to his knees and his stringy tail blew against his hocks. The weight of his sagging body rested on three legs, the fourth being slightly bent with only the hooftip touching the ground.

I called to him; and shifting his weight to all fours, he raised his head and looked at me. The thought struck me that his eyes were like those of a puppy in a pet store window, their brown richness moist with sorrow and pleading. Then I looked past the dirt and dried sweat which caked his body and began to imagine a hide curried to a healthy sheen. I saw, not protruding bones, but sleek sides and rounded quarters, firm and groomed. I found the heritage of an Arabian steed in his maltreated head, in the high-set tail, and in the deep, full chest, now marred by galls and streaks of sweat. I didn't see the starved, filthy animal before me but, instead, saw what a horse should be and what this horse could be.

A while later, as I held his lead shank in my hand, I felt happy and even a little proud. Why had I bought him? Maybe it was the promise of what he would become through a lot of love and care. Or maybe it was his eyes.

VICKI SEDLAK
Written at Point Loma High School

AURORA

What is light? It is a soft paleness beckoning from the east . . . A warm fire shedding hominess on a rustic cabin . . . A policeman's glaring spotlight peering into deserted tenements . . . A beam of a flashlight piercing the night and revealing, on a desolate and barren dirt road, a figure hovering over a car motor . . . Neon signs blended into a liquid confusion of colored daubs by the wet windshield of a car . . . A fluorescent lamp glaring on an inspired scientist working feverishly on a world-shaking discovery. Light makes water dazzle and glitter; it paints a sunset. Beams of it splash gold on windows and flicker faintly through trees. A ray of it through a crystal prism can weave rainbows on walls where there was nothing a second before. A sunbeam causes a bud to blossom to a delicately colored flower. Light is magic.

HOLLY POWELL
Written at Point Loma High School

on the road

FILLED WITH EAGERNESS, I began my journey and turned my steps toward the Path of the Future. As I walked along, I came to a shabby town. Everything was dusty; the houses were falling apart; and the people looked as dingy as the rest of the town. Approaching, I saw a sign, "Entering the Town of Sadness." I spent quite a while there but was eager to be on my way.

The next sign along the road read, "Entering the City of Temptation in Evil County." I lingered there for what seemed only minutes but must have been longer. Although I wanted to stay forever, I was looking forward to traveling the Deliverance Highway that led from Temptation. The highway was just as scenic as I had imagined. The overhanging Faith trees and climbing Aspirations bordered the road.

Later, after entering the Country of Learning, I passed briefly through various cities: Discouragement, Achievement, and Glory—wonderful Glory. I fell in love there. I fell in love with Conceit. She took everything and left only a little Loneliness. Reluctantly I left Glory, making way for others.

Along the road my luggage was getting more burdensome with every step. Finally I opened my heaviest bag and discarded several souvenirs: some Selfishness, a little Disloyalty, a few pieces of Disobedience, and the little Loneliness that Conceit had left me. Remaining in my other baggage were Love, Hope, Courage and Responsibility.

Traveling on, I could see a new city. It looked as if it were built of gold; but when I saw the gleaming gate, I knew I had reached my destination. My journey had been a long one, but I hadn't regretted any of it. On the last steps up to the gate my feet felt as though they were flying. I tried to open the latch, but I couldn't. It wasn't meant for me to enter Happiness now. Undismayed I turned and started down another road. Perhaps this road would satisfy my heart.

PAT HIGGINS
Written at Dana Junior High School

windthin
moonstill

over the fence
rises the rose
whispering

from the willow
long sighs
whispering

long sighs
lingering
to an almost sunset

no

I could never wait upon
the slow eternal
voice of dawn

ROBERT WARD
Written at Point Loma High School

THE PIKE

I HIKED downstream to where I had seen the pool. About thirty paces away I stopped and took out my homemade lure and attached it to the line and approached cautiously. I cast the lure out beyond the overhanging bank. I waited a half hour. Suddenly it struck! Flashing up from under the ledge came a giant pike that looked at least two and a half feet long. It tore around the pool like a whirlwind and splashed water all over me. The bank was very slippery and the pike fought so fiercely that it pulled me into the icy stream. So I waded and held the line, too.

The pike had taken the line at about 6:30 a.m. It was now 10:30 a.m. The day wore on. It got darker and darker until the only light showing was that of the quarter moon. By this time we were both pretty well fagged out. The next time I glanced at my watch it was around three in the morning.

We were still struggling. I was as hungry as a bear and I imagine the pike was too. Both of us were worn to a frazzle at dawn. I could barely stand up and the pike could barely swim. I looked at the pike, almost floating on its back, and then at myself, soaked to the bone and practically freezing to death. I looked at the fish again and didn't have the heart to kill the poor thing and besides, I didn't have the strength to do it. I walked over to it and took the ragged lure from its mouth and gave it a little nudge. "So long, pal."

I staggered into camp at nine in the morning, flopped down on the blankets and slept for a day and a half. I was awakened by the sound of voices. I looked up to find a search party heading for my camp.

The first words spoken were, "Where you been, boy?"

"I just been fishin'."

ROBERT SMITH
Written at Montgomery Junior High School

EVELYN STYNER, Point Loma High School (watercolor)

A DISCOURSE ON STUFFED TURKEY

BACK IN THE OLD DAYS, just before Thanksgiving became popular, there weren't many turkey farmers or poultry merchants. As it happened there was only one turkey farmer and one poultry merchant. And, as history would have it, these two positions were held by the same person, Mortimer J. Smedley, Jr. Mortimer was the only turkey dealer in the new world. He had what we today would call a monopoly on the market. Unfortunately for Mortimer, however, turkey never seemed to be in season. Day after day he would sit in front of his lean-to, reading the latest edition of *Raising Turkeys for Fun and Profit*, and wondering why it was that nobody ate turkey. He tried all sorts of advertising gimmicks, including painting big turkeys on the sides of windjammers, bribing town-criers into giving a little commercial in between every three news announcements, and providing the Indians with free arrow feathers, courtesy of Mortimer J. Smedley, Jr., Turkey Company. But, alas, none of these promotional ideas seemed to give the public any desire for turkey.

Needless to say, Mortimer's business went downhill, slowly at first, but as time went on the descent became more rapid. The only thing that kept Mortimer from going completely bankrupt was his monthly check from the Congratulations on Crossing the Atlantic Safely Society, better known today as the C.O.C.T.A.S.S.

One good thing Mortimer could claim about his industry was that he had the happiest turkeys anywhere. Deep down inside he wished he could sell some turkeys and make his business profitable, but he had read the book *How to Keep Your Turkeys Happy for Fun and Profit*, so he never let his turkeys realize how he felt.

One day as Mortimer sat reading a turkey magazine, he was unaware that five miles across town another man faced a problem. This man was Governor Bill Bradford. It seems that Governor Bradford and his townfolk of Plymouth (or Chevrolet, I can't remember which) had decided to throw a big party for the Indians and anyone else who happened to be in the neighborhood. It was left up to Bill Bradford to decide what the main course of the meal would be. Bill had read in a book entitled *How to Entertain Indians and Other Miscellaneous Guests for Fun and Profit* that an unusual main course for an Indian dinner party was roast turkey. This idea appealed to Bill but it contained one drawback; where in the new world could he get turkey? He searched through the yellow pages but all he could find was tubing, turntables, and tutoring; nothing about turkeys.

As a last resort Bill called in one of the helpful local Indians, Squanto. When Squanto was asked if he knew of any turkey dealers in the neighborhood, he immediately took an arrow from his quiver and ripped off one of the feathers. Upon the feather were printed these words, "Courtesy of Mortimer J. Smedley, Jr., Turkey Company, Nw 1-9573 (or if you prefer the new all-number dialing, it's 263-4785-97364-27361)." The governor's problem was solved. He rushed to the nearest telephone and phoned Mortimer.

Mortimer was so startled and elated at the sudden glimmer of business that before he could think, he had promised to deliver twenty-five plump turkeys on the fourth Thursday in November. After Mortimer had taken this order for twenty-five plump turkeys, he suddenly realized that none of his turkeys were plump. During the lack of business he had cut down the amount of feed and his turkeys had become thin. Mortimer didn't lose hope though; he still had one week in which to fatten up his turkeys. The third Friday of November and the third Saturday of November and the fourth Sunday of November and the fourth Monday of November all went slowly by, but no matter how much Mortimer fed his turkeys they did not gain any weight.

Finally the fourth Wednesday in November came, the last good-byes were said, and the hatchet was sharpened and allowed to do its deadly work. Soon Mortimer had twenty-five dead, skinny turkeys. He sat up all night trying to think of a way to make the turkeys fat. Suddenly he came up with an idea. Early in the morning of the fourth Thursday in November, Mortimer went to the friendly neighborhood bakery. He purchased fifteen loaves of day-old bread and hurried home. Once home, he proceeded to stuff all twenty-five turkeys with bread until they appeared fat and well-fed. He delivered them to Bill Bradford by 9:00 a.m. The turkeys were roasted and eaten and everyone thoroughly enjoyed them. They were an overwhelming success!

Mortimer made enough money from his recipe for stuffed turkey to retire for the rest of his life. The last that the history books record of Mortimer J. Smedley, Jr., he was enjoying his money and writing a book entitled *How to Fool the Public for Fun and Profit*.

DAN MONZINGO
Written at Hoover High School

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

Z

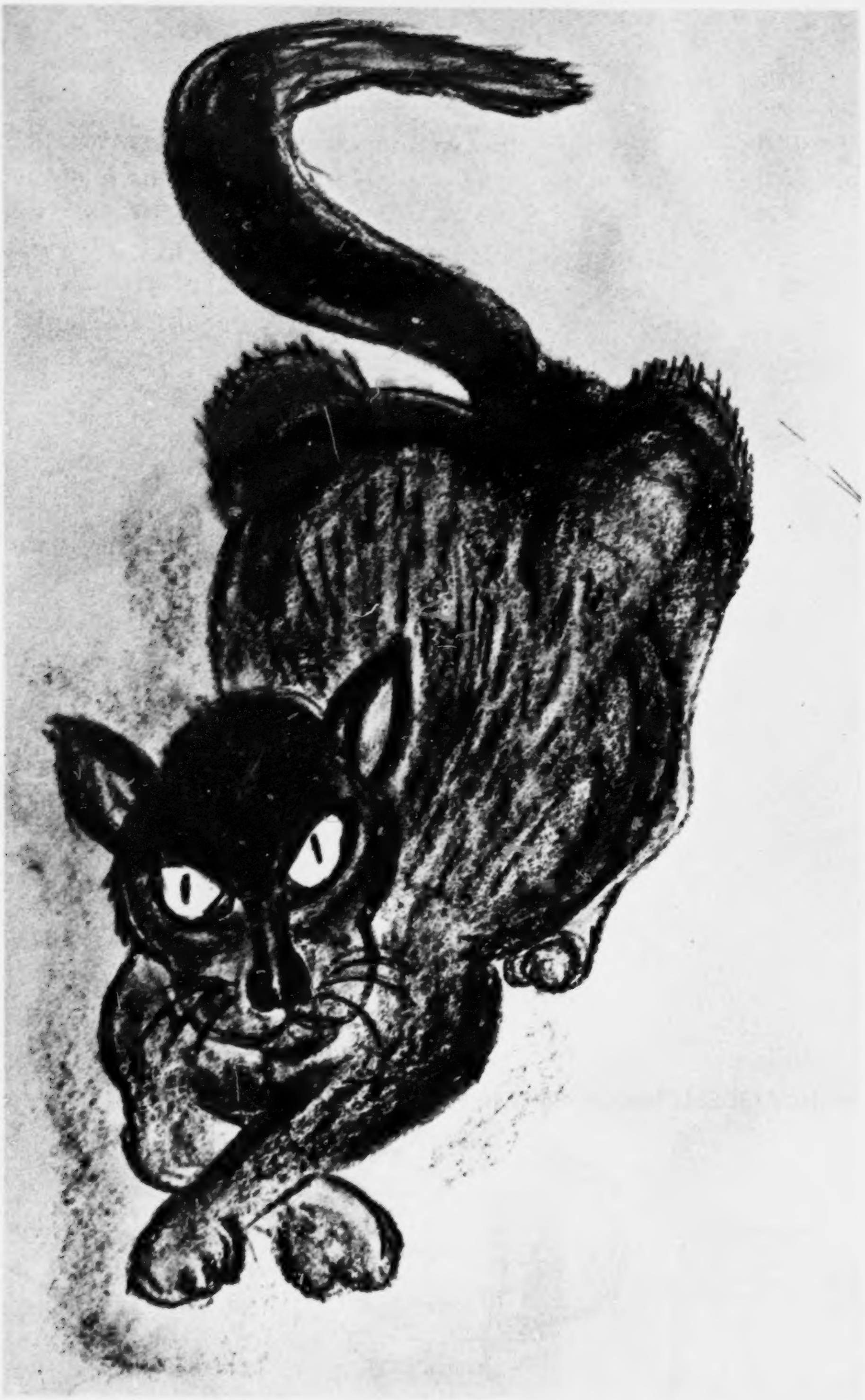
DEAR LORD, I ask you if this is right. I'm putting it all in your hands and I know you'll do what's best about it. Day after day I see hundreds of men and boys leaving their plows and farms for California. The gold fever hit my Billy and Joe this morning, and they done picked up and went.

Almighty God, I know you got some reason for this disease that's swept the country. Our Promised Land was to have been here in our rich Kentucky Valley. But since this Gold Rush began, everybody's sights have been turned to the wilderness of California. Men are leaving their women and children to go out West and dig for gold. Right now this don't seem right to me, an old farm woman, but I know there's got to be some reason. To think that over these big plains so many things dear to one's heart are thrown out to rot for the sake of a lighter load to carry out West. It fair makes a body sick to hear of a whole wagon train starved to death for want of the supplies those men threw out.

"Gold nuggets big as your fist!" That's what I heard 'em say; but, Lord, I ask you, what good is all that gold in California when they'll never reach it alive? So, Lord, if there's any justice in this wide world, grant me the favor of seeing my sons well again. I'll get along, don't you worry 'bout me. Just you keep my boys safe 'til I gaze on their faces once again afore I die.

CAROL ROSKOS
Written at Mann Junior High School

NANCY ISBELL, Horace Mann Junior High School (ink)



MARGARET ZARRO, Collier Junior High School (chalk)

KITTENS

I HAVE HAD much experience with the furry, affectionate, curious animals that people call kittens. I have known them during their uncertain blind days and during the shaky beginning-to-walk times when their curiosity is first discovering the world and its wonders.

When cats are wee, a few hours old, they are wet, mewing, bundles of exhaustion. They lie by their proud mother, completely dependent on her. They never realize the excitement their arrival has caused for the mother cat's owners.

After two weeks of slow development in walking, mewing, clawing and clutching, they arouse hilarity because they are so terribly clumsy. Though their eyes have opened to a world of explorations, they never have a chance of reaching their exciting destination in one try. They amble along successfully for a few moments, wobble on their shaking legs, and fall into a mass of fur and sprawling paws.

At six weeks of age, their curiosity is almost full-grown, and they love to explore. They perform antics that amuse a person and annoy him at the same time. My family tried to teach the kittens of a certain litter to drink from a saucer at six weeks. Instead of lapping the milk, they stuck their naive noses to the bottom of the full saucer. They succeeded in getting milk up their noses, and they had the unpleasant surprise of finding milk up to their eyeballs.

At five or six months, the cute kittens become gawky, cross and shaggy. They have reached the adolescent period of their life which leads to their becoming mature cats.

CARRIE BROOKS
Written at Muirlands Junior High School

TEARS

CHARLOTTE SAT on the bench and felt terrible. Her sister sat next to her, her aunt and father were in front of her, and her mother was behind her. All were weeping, but Charlotte couldn't cry. In the front of the room another aunt was talking and crying hysterically while two of Charlotte's cousins tried to calm their mother despite their own tears. All were upset, but Charlotte didn't cry.

This was the day of her uncle's funeral. The mourning guests had already left the funeral parlor. It was the family's turn to pay their last respects. As her relatives paraded past the coffin and started crying, Charlotte, at the end of the line, thought of the hypocrisy involved in that show of sympathy. After all, wasn't death a natural occurrence? It happened to everyone. Charlotte approached the coffin. She realized that this was the last time she would see her favorite uncle, the one she loved more than any other relative. She remembered the quiet talks they had had early in the morning before anyone else had got up, the horse he bought for his children and his brother's children and many, many other things. She was deeply hurt that her uncle was dead, yet she could not cry.

"Why?" she wondered. She solemnly recalled the many months his family had known of his approaching death. She remembered the paralyzing pain he had been suffering since his near-fatal heart attack two years earlier. Charlotte secretly felt death was best for him and was personally glad that his suffering had been eased. Charlotte knew that her fun-loving relative would not want her to cry. Yet, there she sat in the pew, tearless and embarrassed. It really hurt when her sister called her a hard-hearted Hannah.

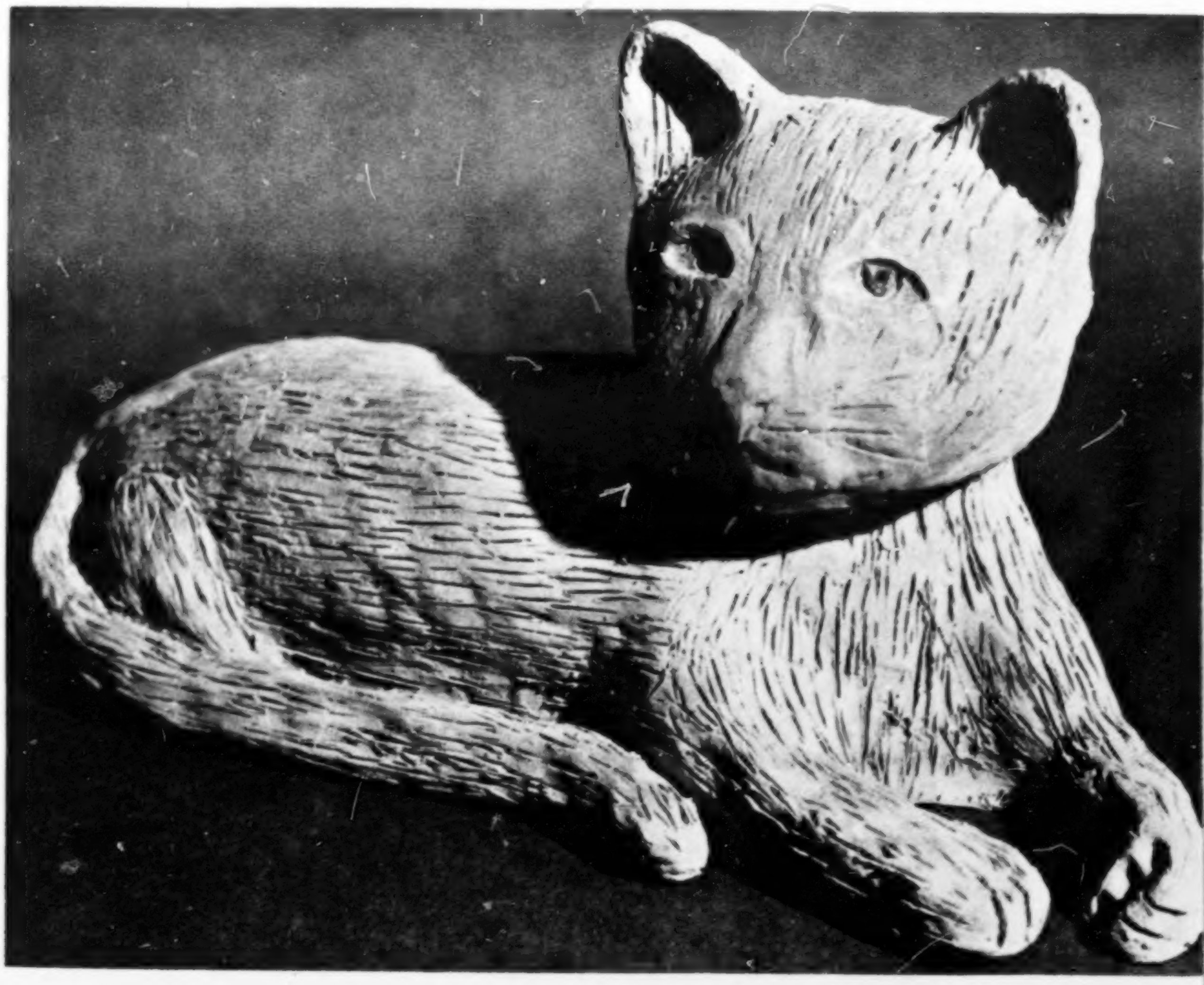
The next day Charlotte went back to school. She had yet to understand why she didn't cry; she was, in fact, quite puzzled.

"Hi, Charlotte. Where've you been?" asked a friend.

"Oh, I went to my uncle's funeral," she replied; and the strangest thing happened. Charlotte cried.

CHERYL WILSON
Written at Mission Bay High School

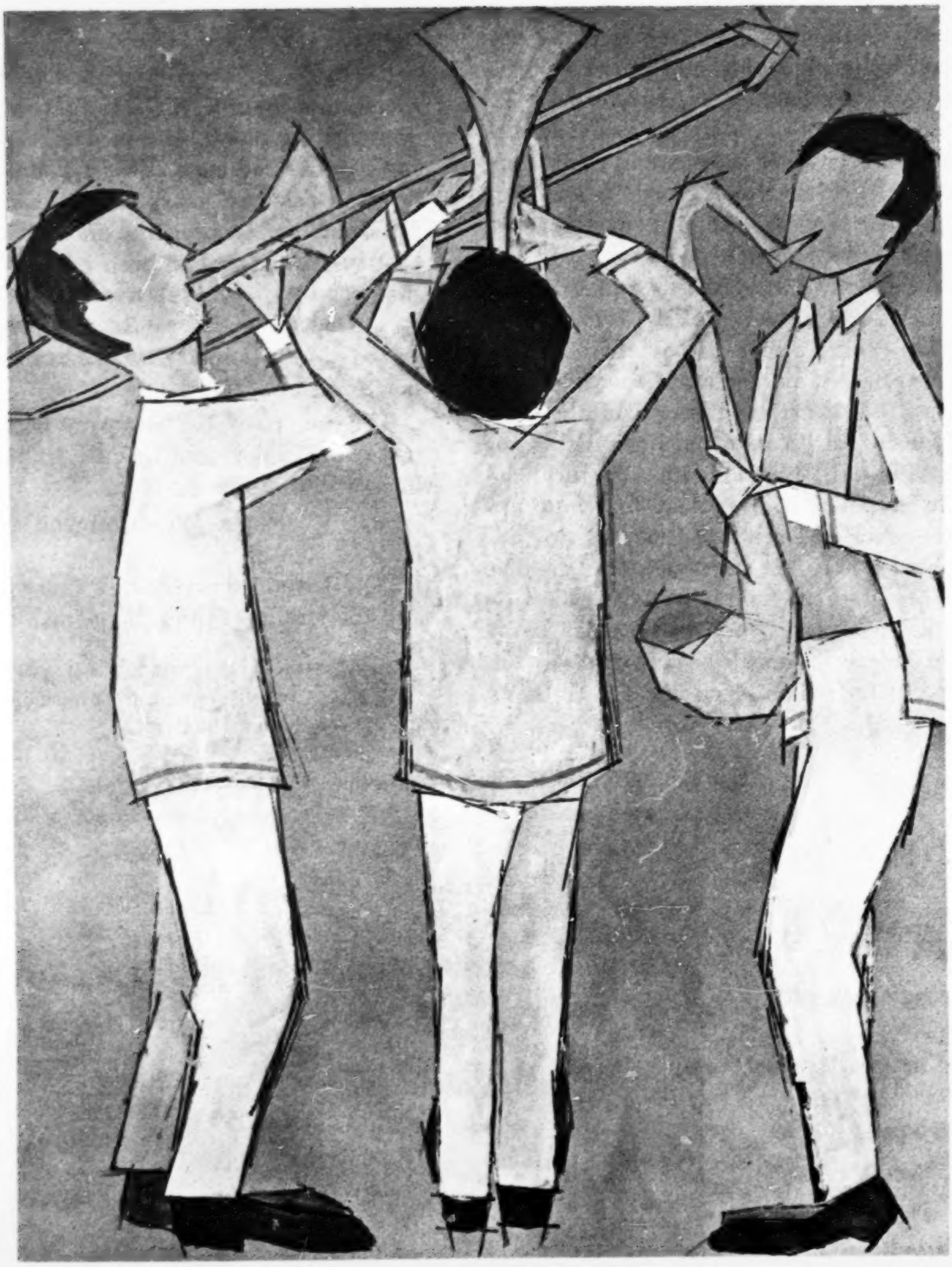
ELLEN BINGHAM, Montgomery Junior High School (ceramic)



CAT

There was a young man from the
city,
Who met what he thought was
a kitty,
He gave it a pat
And said, "Nice kitty cat;"
And they buried his clothes out
of pity.

TOM ANTHONY
Written at Mann
Junior High School



MARGARET HEUMANN, Point Loma High School (watercolor)

My Friends, the Beatles

Blessings to you this fine morn,
Beatle Boys with locks unshorn.

With your merry 4/4 beat
And your lyrics so complete,

With yeah, yeah, yeah and ooh, ooh, ooh,
Hold my hand, and love me do.

With your lack of platitude
And your mocking attitude —

Ah, to be a Beatle too
And sail around the world with you!

DEBBIE DOYLE
Written at Crawford High School